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New Statesman

CABINET RULES
Part three

28 February 1986 80p IR£1.28 $1.50 By Air

TOMORROW'S UNIONS

ANDREW LUMSDEN: Winston Churchill's dirty pictures

JAMES KELMAN: Four short stories

HENRY JACKSON: Philippines post-Marcos

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BLACK EXPERIENCE ARTS PROGRAMME – SUPPLEMENT

The GLC Race Equality Unit presents a London-wide black arts programme reflecting historical and contemporary black experience through a variety of art forms:– exhibitions, performances, seminars, in music, dance, theatre, photography & visual arts. The Black Experience consists of a programme of events each of which will form part of one of the five themes. The themes of the programme are: Forces & Figures, Resistance to Rebellion, Impact & Influences, Race & Labour History and Contemporary Initiatives.

Project	*Organisation*	*Contact No.*	*Date*	*Venue*	*Venue No.*
● Forces and Figures					
Focus on CLR James Exhibition	Creation for Liberation (CFL)	737 2268	18 February – 15 March	Riverside	748 3354
The Black Jacobins Play	Talawa Theatre Company	741 2251 x 41	21 February – 15 March	Riverside	748 3354
The Life and Works of Rajani Palme Dutt Exhibition	Pervaiz Nazir and Nasser Aslam	633 1671 633 2611	to be confirmed		
● Resistance to Rebellion					
From Resistance to Rebellion – Exhibition	Institute of Race Relations (IRR)	837 0041	17 April – 16 May	Cockpit Gallery	405 5334
Aurat Shakti – Exhibition	Manjula Mukerjee, Vibha Osbon, Amina Patel and Mumtaz Karimjee	377 9937 377 0040	3-26 March	Cockpit Gallery	405 5334
Reflections of the Black Experience Photographic Exhibition	Monika Baker Race Equality Unit (REU)	633 2664	1-28 March	Brixton Art Gallery	733 7757
Signs of Resistance Mural Tape-Slide Exhibition*	Graham De Smidt and Gavin Jantjes	981 3408			
● Race and Labour History					
Caribbean Labour in Revolt – Exhibition	Cecil Gutzmore and Lance Watson	636 1500 x 570	24 February – 7 March	Institute of Education	636 1500 x 570
Oral History Project Audio Visual Exhibition	Black Cultural Archives (BCA)	274 7770 x 34	24 March – 7 April	Brixton Recreation Centre	274 7700
Forces and Figures in Asian History Exhibition	Southall Afro-Caribbean Asian Arts Collective (SAAAC)	843 9281	21-28 March	Featherstone High School Southall	574 2311
● Impact and Influences					
From Coffee Beans to Disinfectant Dance Programme	Battimanzle Dance Company	482 1509/10	20-21 March Further dates and venues to be confirmed	Roundhouse	482 1509/10
From Generation to Generation Exhibition	The Black Art Gallery	263 1918	11 February – 4 March	Brixton Recreation Centre	274 7774
Business Behind Performance – Black Music Fair	REU	633 7227	21-23 March	Brixton Recreation Centre	274 7774
● Contemporary Initiatives					
Invisible Man and Jazz Variation – Plays	Afro-Sax Theatre Company	286 4862 821 0979	to be confirmed		
Film Script Competition	Prabhu Guptara REU	633 1671	competition in progress, results mid March		
Struggles for Black Community Film Programme	Association of Black Workshops (ABW)	254 9527 254 9536	28 February – 6 March	Metro Cinema	437 0757
The Remnant – Play	Double Edge Theatre Company	482 1287	2-6 April 9-13 17-19 24-26	Battersea Arts Interchange Yaa Asantewa Theatro Technis	223 6557
Experience of Black Visual Artists Seminars	Black Visual Artists Forum (REU)	633 1622	to be confirmed		

*will accompany other events within the Black Experience Arts programme

If you would like more information (leaflets, brochures and posters) about the Black Experience Arts programme please contact the Race Equality Unit, GLC, Room 674, County Hall, London SE1 7PB or phone 01-633 1671/2611.

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New Statesman

Cover photo: Camera Press

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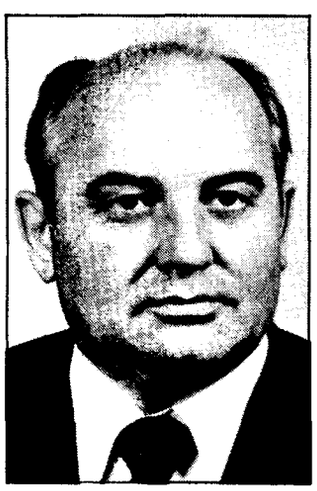

AFTER THE NUKES
While Star Wars remains bottled up in the laboratories Gorbachev is prepared to look the other way. FELIX PIRANI looks forward to a Geneva breakthrough

WHAT'S YOUR HABIT?
Smack, dope, coke, tranx, booze; one day they're demons the next they're our soothers. ANDREW TYLER traces the changing history of drug use

JAZZMAN
Top jazz composer George Russell is on his first tour of Britain; CHARLES FOX goes to listen

BARTHES TIME
JUSTIN WINTLE explains and assesses some of the French philosopher's most recently published essays

SEXUAL DESIRE
ROZ KAVENEY gets to grips with the thoughts of Roger Scruton on the subject

New Statesman

Vol 111 No 2866 28 February 1986

Televised melodrama in Manila

WASHINGTON is congratulating itself on the way in which the transition of power has taken place in the Philippines. From start to finish of the process of removing President Marcos and his fabulously corrupt regime there has been no attempt on the American side to cover up the fact that Washington's relationship with Manila is not even neo-colonial, but directly colonial in the old style.

The real American interests in the matter are Subic Bay and Clark Air Force Base. American foreign policy is now effectively run by the Pentagon and Subic Bay is the largest American naval base outside the territory of the United States. Seen through Pentagon eyes, the main theatre of confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union is the Pacific. A glance at the map will show why the Philippines have such a prominent place in the aggressive policy of 'containment' of the Soviet Union that is central to the thinking of hawks like Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger. Without Subic Bay the US Navy's lines of communication become very attenuated in the Pacific — particularly if Singapore, Australia, New Zealand and other independent countries in the region become increasingly hostile to the idea of playing host to nuclear propelled or nuclear armed warships.

So, when the Marcos regime's grip began to slip over the last couple of years, he was put under American pressure to clean up his act, not because the Americans are interested in reform but so as to placate domestic American public and Congressional opinion. When the wily old dictator tried to slip the hold that the Americans had on him by calling an election that he could guarantee to 'win', the Americans simply declared the result invalid (which it certainly was, but which fact they would have ignored if it had produced a desired result). They then arranged step by step to remove the Marcos family to Guam.

THE GROUNDS for the American self-congratulation are that their colonial *coup de main* has been relatively bloodless, has resulted in the situation remaining under bourgeois control and has produced a new President who is a completely inexperienced politician, under the closest influence of military and civilian advisers with whom the Americans have been doing business for years.

The White House and the Pentagon may be happy with the way they have stage-managed Mrs Aquino's acquisition of the Presidency of their previous first choice, her murdered husband. And there is genuine and spontaneous relief in the Philippines at the end of what had become one of the nastier regimes of South East Asia. But the omens do not suggest that an Aquino government will either wish or be able to do much for the masses of Filipinos.

The insurrection against the Manila government will continue, because the underlying causes of that insurrection will continue. Gross inequalities in the distribution of wealth will continue, as in so many Third World countries, until a government is prepared to grasp the social and political nettle of land reform.

Again, as in so many under-developed countries within its sphere of influence, the United States regards the very concept of land reform as crypto-communism. In such circumstances the existing

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What's going to happen to your right to protest?

The new Public Order Bill plans to give the police new powers to control and prevent the right to protest. If the Bill becomes law, and it probably will do, the police will be able to control and dictate the terms on which this right may be exercised. The organisers of a march will have to give six clear days notice of it to the police. The Bill will create new police powers to impose conditions on your protest in advance or on the spot – for a wide range of reasons. The police will have new powers of arrest and it will be a criminal offence not to abide by their conditions. The Bill also creates other new offences, including one of 'disorderly conduct' and others of riot, violent disorder and affray.

People don't really know how these new police powers are going to affect them and their democratic rights. That is why the GLC has prepared information material explaining the proposals and what they could mean. These are available FREE and you can send for them today. They contain information of vital importance to all Londoners.

CALL NOW 01-633 5944

TO: The Police Committee Support Unit
Room 602, Greater London Council
County Hall, London SE1 7PB
or ring 01-633 5944 (24 hours)

Please send me further information on the new Public Order Bill.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

_____

Please add me/us to your mailing list for the "Policing London" newsletter.

NS4

elites in the Philippines are under no pressure to concede social reforms of substance. The evidence does not suggest that the new Aquino administration is going to take effective initiatives in this area.

Nor does the evidence suggest that the Aquino administration, which owes so much already to Washington, is going to move in the direction of asserting genuine Filipino nationalism and political and military independence from its former colonial power, the United States. It is difficult to see any reason why the Communist guerrillas of the New People's Army should cease their increasingly successful insurgency against Manila. Cory Aquino and 'people power' have solved the immediate problem of ex-President Marcos. They are unlikely to solve the problem of the Philippines. □

Speaking with forked tongues

THERE IS SOMETHING profoundly dishonest about Militant's slogan: 'No witchhunts'. The Trotskyist tradition, of which Militant is proud to be part, has never been in principle against 'witchhunts', if by this they mean the expulsion of those who disagree with the policies and methods of those who control an organisation.

Indeed, the history of those organisations claiming — rightly or wrongly — to be descendants of Trotsky's Fourth International, is in its essence one of purges and splits, of denunciations and expulsions and of rigid discipline imposed by a national leadership. The leaders of Militant — those in the shadowy Revolutionary Socialist League — are active purveyors of this horribly sectarian approach to politics. When they raise their voices in one forum to demand tolerance from the Labour Party for their activities, and, in another forum, denounce that same Labour Party for treachery and heresy, they have abandoned any claim to political integrity. That loss of integrity is widely recognised by potential Labour supporters; it has been profoundly damaging to the Labour Party.

To argue, as many leading members of the Labour Party do, that there should be 'no expulsions' is a patent absurdity. Why have a political party if there are no rules to distinguish members from non-members? Would a member who was discovered to be a member of the National Front as well not be expelled? Of course — on the grounds that his or her political beliefs would be incompatible with Labour Party membership.

But it is supporting Militant incompatible with being in the Labour Party? It all depends. Many young people have followed Militant's lead in deciding what politics is about because the Labour Party does not provide one. Their enthusiasm for political action is the lifeblood of a mass democratic socialist party. Unless Labour, nationally and locally, wrenches itself out of the committee rooms to provide the much longed for initiative on political campaigning and discussion, then that lifeblood will dry up — or be sopped up by Militant.

The Labour Party should feel no qualms about expelling those of its members whose primary political loyalty is to the Revolutionary Socialist League rather than to the Labour Party. It is not possible to separate political and organisational criteria for expulsion. It is precisely *because* they are combined — the organisation is the manifestation of their politics — that the architects of Militant's authoritarian and sectarian beliefs and methods are destructive.

But if Labour is not merely to shut the stable door after the horse — or more appropriately the chauffeur-driven limousine — has sped away, it has to weld those political initiatives on which Liverpool Militant so firmly stamped, into a coherent and effective form of democratic socialism. □

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SELLAFIELD — BNFL STARTS TO RUN OUT OF ROPE

Laurie Sparham/Network

Workers leaving Sellafield's afternoon shift — younger ones in particular would like to leave for good.

UNTIL RECENTLY, Sellafield's most loyal constituency has been its workers and local people, ensured by the almost feudal dominance of the nuclear industry over West Cumbria for more than 30 years. But they are finally beginning to lose their patience, as RUTH BALOGH reports

FROM IRELAND to South West Scotland to North Wales, local communities have been alarmed at the discovery in their midst of pollution from Sellafield. The only people to be comparatively unperturbed have been the residents of Seascale, on Sellafield's doorstep — who are actually at far greater risk. James Cutler, the producer of the Yorkshire TV programme that first exposed the risks of leukaemia, found that far from being feted in Seascale after the programme, he was 'practically lynched' by people worried about losing their jobs, and angry at being made to feel afraid.

But the response that met Cutler, where not a single mother of a child with leukaemia would give an interview, is beginning to change. And it's not just because — as BNFL claims — of the massive media coverage. In the last few weeks another case of childhood cancer in Seascale has been diagnosed. And in a single week in January two Sellafield workers died of cancer and a third from asbestosis. BNFL also admits that 'five or six' compensation claims for death from radiation linked illness are pending under the agreement between unions and management which enables BNFL to pay out without admitting formal liability.

At the Seascale Health Centre Dr Barry Walker is finding radiation-linked cancers of breast, colon and brain appearing in the older population too. They follow the same geographical pattern as the childhood cancers of being concentrated at the Seascale end of the practice's wide catchment area.

Of all the recent press disclosures, the one which has really shocked local people is the one by ex-Windscale physicist Derek Jakeman which shows that the Black Committee had been misled about the extent of airborne uranium discharges during the 1950s. Those discharges, he revealed, were 40 times greater than those officially reported to the Black Committee and correspond to the figure given by the National (NRPB) Radiological Protection Board as the amount of radiation which would have been needed to produce such a large excess of childhood cancers in Seascale. Greenpeace are calling for the resignation of the head of the NRPB, John Dunster, who was Windscale's head of health physics at the time of the discharges.

Shifting unions

The attitude of the unions remains ambivalent: last week a joint national meeting of the six main unions issued a typically bland statement 'reaffirming its confidence in the nuclear industry' and stating that it was 'appalled at the unscrupulous campaign currently being conducted by some opponents of the industry using the media to misinform the public with scare stories that are out of all proportion to the realities of recent incidents.' They are not wholly wrong: the main health threat comes from the continuing authorised discharges to sea and not from the recent well-publicised leaks.

But despite continuing caution amongst national union officials, local unions have — at last — begun to be more assertive about their health and safety. For example, they have recently demanded personal air samplers, which test radiation in the air, instead of face masks favoured by the company. Only a few workers in 'dirty' sections of the plant have won the right to the samplers.

New protective devices are needed because this year laws came into effect setting the annual level of ionising radiation that a worker can absorb at 5 rem. Both Labour Party front bench and GMB (the main Sellafield union) policy is to reduce this level to 0.5 rem.

Paddling alone against this tide of local and public opinion is Jack Cunningham, Labour's front bench spokesperson for the environment and GMB-sponsored MP for the Sellafield constituency of Copeland. He recently called a meeting of other GMB-sponsored MPs and top union officials to persuade them to toe the government line. He claimed the 0.5 rem level would put the jobs of 'airline pilots, miners and radiographers at risk.' ●

Additional reporting by Jolyon Jenkins

Liverpool Militants alone on Labour's Left Wing

THE OVERWHELMING endorsement at Labour's national executive on Wednesday of the majority report on Liverpool's District Labour Party has left Militant's supporters in a minority, even on Labour's Left. Nevertheless, Militant are trying to use the minority report by Audrey Wise and Margaret Beckett — who oppose expulsions — to back their case.

In fact, the common ground between the majority and the minority reports is substantial. Both recognise the need for changes in the Liverpool District Labour Party and for an examination of delegations and credentials, and both recoil from 'aggregate' or 'open' meetings at which delegates were surrounded by hundreds of Militant supporters.

The anti-expulsion conclusions of the minority report come from the authors' suspicions of the intentions of the right in the NEC rather than from an exoneration of Militant. Their objections are pragmatic rather than principled — that expulsions were beyond the remit of the enquiry, would cause resentment locally, impeding the necessary reforms, and that they would cause disruption nationally.

Indelicate comments

They admit that members felt intimidated, but their defensive statement that Liverpool meetings are traditionally 'robust, lively, and even abusive', to an unusual extent compared to elsewhere, would probably be seen as racist if it were said about a developing country rather than an undeveloping city.

The majority report adds reforms to inhibit — if not prevent — future takeovers. The appointment of two Labour organisers, while far from matching Militant's full time cohorts in Liverpool, is a constructive proposal comparing favourably with past neglect. The proposed temporary co-ordinating committee of representatives from the constituencies and unions fills the vacuum that will be left pending re-constitution of the District Labour Party and gives a base for campaigning in the May elections.

Strange criteria

But much of the large documentation for the majority report is really a justification for the expulsions. All the names picked out are in Militant, but some quite prominent Militant members are untouched. At the same time, some non-Militants, like finance chair Tony Byrne, the architect of last year's abortive budget campaign, are not mentioned. According to one disgruntled prominent councillor: 'Byrne has had all the benefits of Militant backing and none of the restraints of their discipline.'

If the NEC threatens dissolution for any constituency accepting expellees into meetings then things could really get hot. There's little doubt that the Revolutionary Socialist League — the party behind Militant — would order its members to abide by the NEC decision rather than risk losing power bases in constituencies like Garston and Broadgreen. There is equally little doubt that Derek Hatton and many other local recent recruits would be unhappy with this decision, possibly causing a split in the RSL.

Ian Williams

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Politics of Aids Round-Up (3)

The work of the Sussex Aids Helpline

Sussex Aids Helpline is the longest-established and perhaps the most impressive of the dozen regional and local Aids Helplines and support groups set up during the last year. Since SAH opened its information and advice phoneline in April 1985, its services have expanded considerably, so that today, in addition to the phoneline (which is open every evening during the week), it runs a support group for people who are HTLV-3 antibody-positive, offers advice and counselling to people with Aids, their families, lovers and friends, and, working closely with the Brighton STD clinic, has launched an extensive health education campaign among the Brighton gay community. The Co-ordinator of SAH (like everyone else involved, an unpaid volunteer) has recently been co-opted onto the South East Thames Regional Health Authority's Aids Advisory Committee, and this is seen by the Helpline as an acknowledgement of the excellent work it has done to date, and of its crucial role in coping with Aids in Sussex in the future.

SAH is based in Brighton, which seems to be the worst affected area outside London. The most recent statistics show nine Aids cases in Brighton itself, with a further four in the rest of Sussex. There are 125 people known to the Brighton STD clinic to be HTLV-3 antibody-positive, though the real figure is likely to be three of four times that. SAH is predicting a probable 100 Aids cases in Sussex by the end of 1988, and a possible 500 by the end of 1990, if current trends continue. Yet the Royal Sussex County Hospital in Brighton can cope with only four Aids patients at any one time. It is not surprising, then, that SAH's Co-ordinator Graham Wilkinson described the government's allocation, through the regional health authority, of an extra £16,000 to Brighton, as a 'sick joke'.

'A sick joke' could also describe the attitude of East Sussex Social Services who have ignored SAH's repeated offers to meet with them to discuss the role of Social Services in dealing with people with Aids and people who are antibody-positive. East Sussex Social Services seems to have no clear policy on Aids, and as a consequence of this at least one person has been severely mistreated and caused unnecessary stress. An Eastbourne woman who has Aids had her request for a home-help and meals-on-wheels turned down, when it was quite clear that such a service was a necessity. When challenged, an East Sussex Social Services press officer said that he didn't see how Aids was an issue for Social Services, and another spokesperson said that the denial of a home-help was made out of fear that the home-help's union (COHSE) might take action because its members were being put at risk. At no point was COHSE consulted, and if SAH's offer to brief staff about Aids had been taken up, all employees would have been fully aware of the minimal risks of HTLV-3 transmission involved in providing domestic services for people with Aids. The problem with East Sussex Social Services has nothing to do with the unions — it is entirely a problem of inefficient and ill-informed management. An ad hoc solution to the Eastbourne problem has now been found, but there are still no policy guidelines for dealing with similar cases in the future.

Safer sex is the main theme of SAH's health education campaign, and the gay community in Brighton has been bombarded with leaflets on the subject, ranging from detailed medical leaflets which are on display in all Sussex STD clinics, to short, snappy 'Play Safe' guides for gay bars. At Christmas, SAH volunteers gave out Christmas cards in Brighton's gay discos: these contained guidance on safer sex together with one of the new Prophyltex Red-Stripe condoms which have been specifically designed for anal intercourse. This gesture was received in the best of spirits by the clubs' customers, and illustrates the need to keep a sense of humour if campaigns aimed at changing sexual lifestyles are to be successful. Sussex Aids Helpline has consciously sought to avoid appearing to be anti-sex, and its next leaflet will carry the slogan 'Gay Sex, Great Sex'. Many gay men have given up sex completely because of their fear of Aids, and they need to be reassured that they can still have an enjoyable and healthy sex life, (Though whether Barney Hayhoe would approve of such advice in a health education campaign is open to question.)

It is the gay community itself which, through its generosity, has allowed SAH to maintain and expand its services, and the Helpline relies on collecting about £400 each month from gay pubs and clubs. However, SAH has reached the stage where it needs at least one, and ideally two, full-time paid workers, and it is the government's responsibility to make sufficient funds available. The conclusion one reaches is that it is not the government but the gay community which has reacted most responsibly to the problems posed by Aids. In the light of this, the BBC's decision to drop the Horizon programme where gay men talk about Aids (*NS* 24 January) is an insult to the many gay men who have devoted time, money and energy to ensuring that voluntary groups like the Sussex Aids Helpline can provide the services that the government has neglected.

Paul Edward Davies

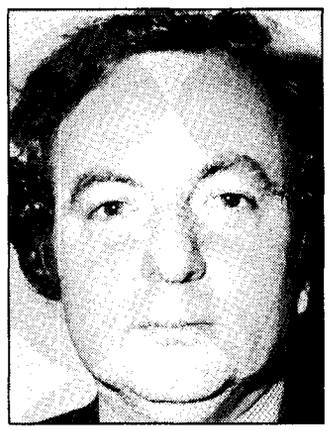
The address of Sussex Aids Helpline is PO Box 17, Brighton BN2 5NQ.

Amnesty Nicaragua report draws the Left's wrath

THE FURORE over Amnesty International's report on human rights violations in Nicaragua rumbles on this week, with the public employees' union NUPE drafting a protest for Amnesty's AGM, and George Foulkes, Labour's spokesperson on foreign affairs, writing an angry letter to Amnesty. From what little information has been leaking out, it also seems to have caused tensions in the organisation itself.

What angers Foulkes et al is not that Amnesty dares to criticise a left-wing government — after all, the Left has lost some of its naivety of the 1930s. The real source of anger is that the government violations haven't been put in context. They are not contrasted with those of Somoza or other Central American countries. The atrocities of the US-funded Contras are not given the same prominence and it is not stressed that the country is at war.

Amnesty's response is that it never does this; that its brief is to criticise governments on their own territory — which in this case excludes the US and the Contras. Yet if that is its remit then it has tied itself up in knots: it *has* included a criticism of the US and Contras, but at the end of the report, and without giving it the same weight as the criticism of the Sandinistas.



City Syndication

George Foulkes: getting rather cross

The timing of the report — a day before the US government released its own 'findings' on human rights and the Sandinistas, and just when the Reagan administration was going for more big money to fund the Contras — has also raised some eyebrows. Of course, Amnesty can't suppress its reports, but the coincidental timing has prompted speculation that it felt under pressure to 'balance' its stringent reports of the atrocities of right wing dictatorships.

George Foulkes argues that the report relies on anecdotal, unsubstantiated evidence and that no proper emphasis is given to, say, the Sandinistas' acknowledgement of their past maltreatment of the Miskito Indians, and their current attempts to make amends. He also contrasts it with the report by the US human rights group Americas Watch last year, which gave much greater space to torture by the Contras.

The report has highlighted the tension that exists between bodies such as Amnesty, and campaigning solidarity groups. In order to bring effective moral pressure to bear on governments, Amnesty has to appear impartial, which means applying the same moral yardstick — that of liberal democracies — in all cases. It also means excluding more complex issues such as land and education rights. Solidarity groups, with their essentially political outlook, must place the Sandinistas, for example, in the context of a country attacked by a powerful neighbour wielding economic and military power over it. Theirs is a reverse difficulty — they have to take care not to let their critical faculties slip when it comes to progressive governments they support.

Jane Dibblin

Lothian CRC's agony continues

CRISIS-RIDDEN Lothian Community Relations Council LCRC) has been hit by a series of fresh blows to its credibility. Two major ethnic minority organisations have pulled out and Edinburgh University has decided not to send any further student placements there.

The local Indian and Caribbean Associations have recently decided to withdraw from representation on LCRC. They allege that it operates undemocratically and is in need of fundamental reform. The Pakistani community — Lothian's largest — is split over its attitude to LCRC, with the Pakistan Association in full support and the rival Pakistan Society in opposition.

Meanwhile it has emerged that LCRC's special sub-committee set up to investigate the allegations of sexual harassment made by three women against Lothian's senior community relations officer, Mohammed Akram, in fact found him guilty by a majority of 5 to 4. This recommendation was however overturned by the full executive committee, who merely found him guilt of aggressive behaviour (3 January).

All LCRC's main funders — the Commission for Racial Equality, Lothian Regional Council and Edinburgh District Council — are conducting a special joint appraisal of its work in ten days time.

Rob Edwards

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Takeover bids don't produce the goods

DOES IT MATTER which faceless multinational makes Embassy cigarettes, produces Johnny Walker whisky or owns Smith Corona typewriters? Imperial, Distillers and Hanson Trust (the right answers as of this week) are all involved in takeover battles raging in the City.

We know that some shareholders and managers stand to gain, and that workers are likely to lose out in the rationalisation that follows, but what is the function of takeovers in the capitalist system?

Academic research shows that merged companies don't perform better than others. Cambridge economist Geoffrey Meeks in a famous 1977 study found that, on the whole, takeovers had a negative effect on profits.

Ambition and power lust

So what makes them happen? The answer must lie in the ambitions of individual managers, seeking the greater power and rewards of controlling a bigger corporation, or in their defensive motives, trying to avoid being taken over by another hostile management.

But what makes mergermania possible is the stock market boom, which means successful companies can raise money quite easily. They need something to spend the money on, and buying other companies is the easiest way to expand, especially when a recession is combined with a company profits bonanza. Last year the real rate of return earned by UK companies reached 8 per cent, compared with just over 3 per cent in 1981 (Bank of England figures). Since 1981, the number of £30 million-plus takeovers doubled, according to the Office of Fair Trading.

Another Cambridge economist, Alan Hughes, found no consistent effect on profits, but found that 'diversifying' mergers of companies in different markets *did* tend to lead to improved performance *(Competition Policy*, NEDO 1978). This suggests that asset-stripping, Thatcher-backing Lord Hanson is the tycoon to watch, with his transatlantic diversified empire of batteries, bricks and shops.

Hanson's empire also exposes the Tories' Achille's heel: it's now more American than British. A division is opening up in the Tory party between those who (a hangover from the Empire?) think free market capitalism is in the whole nation's interest, and those who recognise that it's only in the interest of the ruling class, who have access through the City of London to American-dominated world capital markets.

John Rentoul

Unemployment figures — some thoroughly cooked books

GOVERNMENT figures will soon underestimate the level of unemployment by almost half a million, according to the independent Unemployment Unit. If you take into account the people on government special employment and training programmes then the figure rises to almost a million.

The change in accounting method announced last week is expected to lop off around 55,000 — and represents the fifteenth tinkering with the figures since 1979. Here are some of the most important:

- *In 1982 170,000-190,000 people stopped being counted when the basis of the figures was changed from people registering at jobcentres to people receiving benefit. Married women in particular were removed from the register.*
- *Following the 1983 budget, the figures were reduced by 107,000 because men over 60 no longer had to sign on to get benefit. And unemployed men of 60 and over can now draw supplementary benefit at the long term rate without signing on — a decrease of 54,000.*
- *People in government special employment measures, such as the community programme, are not counted in the unemployment figures. About 95 per cent of them would otherwise be unemployed, as would a (much smaller) proportion of those on YTS. This reduces the total by around 495,000.*
- *Changes in the community programme elegibility rules in October 1985 resulted in a lowering of the monthly count by some 30,000.*
- *On 15 January it was announced that some people who lose their jobs but have earned too much in that year to qualify for full unemployment benefit will no longer get half or three quarter benefit. It's not yet known when this change will come into effect. 57,000 of these people don't qualify for supplementary benefit either and so won't appear in the figures.*

In any case an administrative count based on eligible claimants is suspect. Other government figures, such as the General Household Survey, suggest that there are over 5 million people actively seeking or available for work.

Jolyon Jenkins

MISCELLANY

Piccadilly scam

Miscellany this week uncovers major malpractice in an official body, or an enterprising cost-cutting scheme by a dearly-loved institution — you can take your pick. Now is the time of year when the Royal Academy puts up posters inviting contributions from painters and sculptors for its summer exhibition. Last year the selection committee accepted just 14 sculptures from the many hundreds selected. Almost all the ones they took were by academicians, who are each allowed to place six works of any size. This might be acceptable if they were of outstanding quality — but they weren't: according to one professional observer they were mostly 'filleted nudes on hammocks, android faceless figures with minor modifications and heads that had no sculptural merit whatsoever.' Word has it that this year there's to be an even greater proportion of works by academicians. So an awful lot of people are going to be spending a great deal of time and money lifting, travelling, and hiring help and lorries to get their work to Piccadilly, where the chances are it won't even get to be viewed in daylight, but will sit briefly in a dim corridor. Why doesn't the RA make it clear that non-academicians have virtually no chance? Could it be because every person who submits a sculpture has to pay a £22.50 fee? Certainly the Academy could use the several thousand pounds it gets this way, but that can't be the reason. Can it?

Fission products

The group that recently split from the half of the WRP that kicked out Gerry Healy (see last week's NS) has come up with a highly original name for itself: it's called 'The Workers' Revolutionary Party'. This means that there are now three parties with this title. And to think that just one always seemed like plenty.

Tiny joins the club

The original face of capitalism, 'Tiny' Rowland, joined the takeover fray with a bid for Land Rover last week, while stock market fever pushed the shares of his Lonrho company, which owns the *Observer* and bits of Zimbabwe, to new highs. Our Politics of Envy Unit detected the ring of the cash register as 'Tiny' joined the share option millionaires. His options (to buy Lonrho shares at less than half price) are now potentially worth £1,292,613. He could buy 82 Range Rovers with that. Property tycoon Nigel Broackes, the London Docklands developer and chairperson of the Trafalgar House conglomerate, also cashed in on the stock market boom this month. He made £368,912 by exercising some of his share options, while Trafalgar chief exec Eric Parker took his for a walk to add £189,492 to the £339,680 he made in November 1984, the Envy Unit estimates.

Licensed to leak

There are some design changes afoot at the NS. *After a generous ruling in our favour by the Attorney-General we plan to add 'licenced purveyor of secrets to the nation' to our title. Last week Archie Kirkwood MP asked the A-G whether we were to be prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act for printing extracts from the cabinet bible* Questions of Procedure for Ministers *(the final instalment is published this week). The answer, elegant in its simplicity, was 'No sir.' Mrs Thatcher was also asked whether she was now prepared to reveal the entirety of the document. Her answer was a curt 'No'. Teams of lawyers are now assessing the significance of that extra 'sir', but the provisional ruling appears to be that while HM Government won't disclose its secrets, it's quite above board for the NS to do so. Lest we speak too soon, the Avon and Somerset constabulary has concluded its investigation into the sources of our article on the Bomb (NS 29 November 1985). The results are now in the hands of the DPP, and no decision has yet been taken on whether we are to be prosecuted . . .*

Madonna madness

A strange press release comes to hand. From the Association to Save Madonna from Nuclear War (ASMNW), it announces the establishment of a 'Madonna Nuclear Free Zone' in New York, Michigan and Los Angeles. The zone is defined as 'beginning at a fifty-mile radius from anywhere Madonna lives or socialises more than twenty days in an average year.' ASMNW say they are contacting British, French, American, Soviet and Chinese embassies to commence negotiations to protect the pop star from thermonuclear attack. Some people obviously have more time than they know what to do with.

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SCRUTINY

Duncan Campbell and Patrick Forbes

GOVERNMENT MUST ANSWER KINCORA QUESTIONS

The real 'scandal' of Kincora is not the homosexual abuse of children in care. It is the unresolved question of whether British intelligence organisations in Northern Ireland knew of and condoned the abuses — and exploited them

The latest Kincora inquiry, which reported last month, failed to discover any evidence of official conspiracy because it was told not to ask the right questions.

This week opposition Northern Ireland spokesman Peter Archer QC asked the Ministry of Defence to give him a direct and honest answer as to whether or not British Army documents about Kincora he has received from an ex-Army official are genuine. If the documents *are* genuine, they prove beyond doubt that the police or intelligence services could have intervened to check on child abuse at Kincora a decade before the scandal came to light in 1980.

If that is proven, says Archer, the affair should be re-examined. 'All previous enquiries have been carefully structured to avoid the question of the intelligence services' early knowledge of the Kincora affair', he said.

Former intelligence officers say that both the Royal Ulster Constabulary and MI5 were fully aware, from police informants and agents, that Kincora's staff were exploiting children in their care. They were also top Protestant extremists and paramilitaries. Intelligence officials' knowledge of their behaviour meant that they could be blackmailed into working and informing on behalf of the intelligence services.

But Judge William Hughes' inquiry into children's homes and hostels restricted its conclusions to improvements needed in the residential child care system. Hughes' report found no evidence of a 'cover-up' — but his terms of reference specifically *excluded* police, military or intelligence officials. A previous enquiry into Kincora by Sussex Chief Constable Sir George Terry in 1982 and 1983 dismissed claims of police or military cover-up as nonsense. But Terry's terms of reference were also limited — to reporting evidence of criminal offences to the Director of Public Prosecutions.

Protestant extremist William McGrath, 'housefather' of the Kincora boys home in Belfast and said by the Army to have been the *commanding officer of a* paramilitary called 'Tara'. But whose side was Tara really on?

The Hughes inquiry report has now revealed that critical documents were never shown to Terry's inquiry. In the summer of 1974, a special RUC inquiry investigated Kincora 'housefather' William McGrath, his homosexual activities and his extremist associates. The Hughes report says that '[these] original documents had not been in the possession of the Terry Inquiry investigators'.

After McGrath and two other Kincora staff were jailed late in 1981, senior Ministry of Defence officials became alarmed about the activities of a former Ministry official, Colin Wallace. Wallace had been an employee of the Army's 'Psyops' (psychological operations) unit in Northern Ireland until 1975. He then left the civil service.

Wallace knew a lot about Kincora, having frequently briefed journalists at the time about McGrath and his paramilitary organisation called Tara. But in 1981, Wallace too was imprisoned at Lewes, Sussex, for 10 years for manslaughter of an antique dealer. About the same time a secret memorandum went to Defence Ministry Permanent Under Secretary Sir Frank Cooper, warning him that Wallace had both the information and the motive to reveal the story behind Kincora.

Bizarrely, the Sussex police team which was then appointed to investigate Kincora for the RUC comprised the same officers who had investigated the manslaughter case against Wallace. Wallace claims his conviction was a frame-up.

The fears expressed to Sir Frank Cooper were well founded. With the aid of his wife, a former Secret Intelligence Service employee, Wallace has widely circulated a series of internal Army documents and summaries, including examples of propaganda about Kincora and other matters prepared by his unit.

Wallace's most important document, which was seen by the Hughes inquiry, is a four-page Northern Ireland Army Headquarters memorandum dated 8 November 1974, classified 'confidential'. Signed by Wallace, the document is entitled 'Tara reports regarding criminal offences associated with the homosexual community in Belfast'. The report recommends that the Army leak information about Tara to discredit the Protestant paramilitaries involved.

The Hughes inquiry scrupulously avoided finding out whether Wallace's document was genuine. They merely report that an RUC enquiry 'did not establish its authenticity'. Similarly, a forensic report was 'inconclusive as to authenticity'. The Hughes inquiry team did not ask the Defence Ministry itself, or the Army, or Wallace's former colleagues whether it *was* genuine — the omission Archer is now rectifying.

Nevertheless it is not difficult to prove that the Army did know about McGrath and Tara in 1974, as Wallace alleges. Two other documents on this subject which Wallace distributed are known to be genuine because several journalists in Northern Ireland at the time all remember receiving them from Wallace. The homosexual allegations against McGrath were not printed at the time.

The Hughes inquiry stresses that merely because McGrath's homosexuality was known to the Army, they did not necessarily know about Kincora. This is nonsensical. It is inconceivable that the intelligence services would not know where McGrath — a high priority intelligence target — was employed, or fail to draw the relevant conclusion.

It is also provably untrue because entries in intelligence notebooks kept during 1974 by former Military Intelligence Officer Captain Fred Holroyd (*NS*, 4 May, 1984) refer to the Kincora hostel by name, and say of leading Protestant politicians that they are 'all queers'. Although this is nothing more than gossip, it does show that Army and RUC intelligence officials had had no difficulty coupling information about homosexual Protestans extremists to the Kincora hostel.

Holroyd also says that, while being trained for his Northern Ireland duties, he was told that the Tara organisation was in effect controlled by British intelligence, and was not a real security threat — implying that McGrath had indeed come under intelligence control before 1973.

Late in 1984, Holroyd assisted Wallace to send this and other papers to the Prime Minister. The original documents have never come back. Photocopies were inadvertently substituted, and pencil markings on them show whoever made them was attentive to publicity that might affect the intelligence services. But both the MoD and the Northern Ireland Office deny making, or even knowing about, the substitution. ●

Eastern moles

THE BRITISH ATLANTIC Committee, a Foreign Office-funded campaigning front for NATO, is the latest British defence-oriented group to admit that the 'Moonies' religious cult has been trying to infiltrate its ranks.

This week, BAC director Major General Chris Popham told the *New Statesman* that he too had been a target of the Moonies.

Last summer, he said, an organisation calling itself the International Security Council offered him a free trip to Lisbon to discuss Mediterranean security. He become suspicious when he learnt that the conference was not being attended by senior NATO figures. Then they admitted they were funded by the Moonies, otherwise known as the Unification Church.

A few days later, BAC members started complaining that they had been approached at their private addresses by another Moonie front, CAUSA (UK). The problem was so serious that a special warning letter went out to all BAC members. ●

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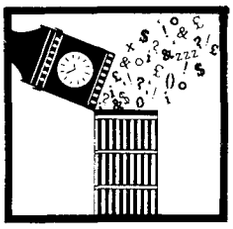

What the winter crises have really done to the Tories

THE QUESTION is simpler than the answer: what have the events of the past three months done to the fortunes of the Conservative Party? Some Tory MPs seem to think their party has descended from nirvana to nemesis, as if the saying about the pride before the fall were invented to describe the Prime Minister's behaviour over Westland and British Leyland.

It seems a pity to query the accuracy of this analysis; but needs must. I am not about to argue that everything in the Tories' garden is lovely. In some ways their prospects are even worse than they think. What the evidence suggests is that the kerfuffle over the two Cabinet resignations, the repeated examples of ministers bending the rules and twisting the truth and the merciless exposure of a government incapable of taking sensible decisions — all these have had a less direct impact on public attitudes than the chattering classes think.

Taken on its own, one opinion poll is liable to sampling error, so fluctuations from month to month reflect an uncertain mix of real movement and statistical wobble. Averaging the regular monthly figures produced by Gallup, Marplan and MORI goes some way to eliminating the wobble. This is how the voting intentions, as measured by that average, have moved since last November:

	Con %	Lab %	Lib/SDP %
November	35	35	28
December	34.5	33	30
January	30.5	36	32
February	30	36	32.5

At one level, the news does look grim for the Tories. In November they were running equal first with Labour; today they are third. Yet in the face of the greatest political crisis facing the government since the Falklands War, the surprising feature of those figures is how little party support has moved. Since November the Tories' decline has been just five points.

Compare that with the impact of other shocks to the political system. Before the IMF crisis which broke at the end of September 1976, Labour stood at 42 per cent. Two months later its support was down to 30 per cent: a 12 point fall. In April 1982 the Tories had 31 per cent support. Then came the Falklands War. By July, when the task force had recaptured the islands, the Tories stood at 46 per cent — a 15 point rise.

So by past standards this winter's crises have had little effect. Indeed, all they seem to have done to voting intention is take it back broadly to where it stood between May and August last year — between the county council elections and the party conferences. The brief story of the past nine months is that the Tories ambled along at 30 per cent through last summer, picked up five points following the Conservative Party Conference, and have now lost those gains. It is an interesting sequence of events, but not earth-shattering.

TO MEASURE the real effect of the Westland and allied crises, we need to look beneath the surface of the voting intention figures. The latest issue of Gallup's consistently informative monthly *Political Index* (£50 a year from Gallup, 202 Finchley Road, London NW3 6BL) contains a host of unpublished gems.

PETER KELLNER

(Why unpublished? Basically, because the *Daily Telegraph,* which pays for Gallup's regular political surveys, does not seem to have any idea how much excellent material it is buying. The paper has consistently underplayed its polls — often burying them on inside pages and hardly ever using graphics. As a result relations between Gallup and the *Telegraph* have become somewhat strained, and there is talk of Gallup transferring to *The Times* and *Sunday Times.* Now that the *Telegraph* has at last appointed an editor who is a journalist, the paper has a chance to keep and exploit one of its most valuable assets.)

First, what *has* changed:

● Mrs Thatcher's satisfaction rating has fallen by ten points, from 39 per cent in December to 29 per cent this month. The number thinking she would make the best Prime Minister has fallen by nine points over the same period, from 33 to 24 per cent. The gainers have been David Owen (up from 15 to 22 per cent) and Neil Kinnock (up from 24 to 27 per cent). For the first time since Gallup started comparing the party leaders, Kinnock is now ahead of Thatcher.

● Two particular aspects of Mrs Thatcher's reputation have suffered since December. Just 41 per cent now consider her decisive, compared with 51 per cent in December and 60 per cent in June 1983. And 52 per cent now say she sticks to her principles; previous figures were: December 1985 — 64 per cent; June 1983 — 72 per cent. Fewer people also say that she is caring (6 per cent), likeable (5 per cent) or listens to reason (7 per cent); but since relatively few people thought she possessed these qualities *before* the Westland affair, the changes do not matter much.

● The Tory party's reputation for unity has collapsed. Sixty per cent thought the party was united in December; this month's figure is 22 per cent. Seventy-two per cent say the Tories are divided. The numbers saying Labour is united have doubled from 16 per cent in December to 33 per cent this month, although 58 per cent still say Labour is divided. But for the first time in recent political history, the Tories are seen as more divided than Labour.

Those are the indicators that have changed. So why has support for the Tories overall not collapsed more? Because other features of the Prime Minister's reputation have scarcely been touched by the crises.

● Seventy per cent still say she is determined — down only three points since December; while 73 per cent say she is tough — *up* one point, after dipping in January.

● The overall image of the Tory party has stayed much as it was. Fifty-four per cent say it is extreme,while 28 per cent think it is moderate. Seventy per cent say it is good for one class, 22 per cent good for all classes.

● While Kinnock and Owen have gained ground relative to Thatcher, when voters are asked who would make the best Prime Minister, their own reputations — when tested separately — have not significantly improved. Slightly greater minorities think Owen is tough (22 per cent now, up four points since December) and sticks to his principles (28 per cent, up six); and slightly fewer people think Kinnock is shrewd or that he listens to reason. But overall, none of the opposition leaders has succeeded in polishing up his own image during the government's misfortunes.

Two lessons seem to emerge from Gallup's data. The first is that the Westland affair has been a flesh wound to the government rather than a dagger to its heart. If the Tories fail to recover it will be because the party was already in a weak condition.

The second lesson is that neither of the opposition groups has made much headway in public opinion. Ministers might be tempted to crow about this. They shouldn't: if the Tories are down to 30 per cent now, how much further might they fall if either Labour or the Alliance become seriously credible?

PS: One of Gallup's more intriguing findings this month is that a large majority — 81 per cent — say it is 'very' or 'fairly' important to 'increase public spending to reduce inflation'. Bad news for Thatcher? Maybe; but 49 per cent also say it is 'very' or 'fairly' important to 'cut down public spending to reduce inflation'. Simple arithmetic shows that at least 30 per cent of Gallup's sample supports *both* propositions. Don't blame Gallup for this: if voters are inconsistent, it's not the pollsters' fault. □

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END OF THE DECENT BROTHERHOOD

Behind the calm face of Brenda Dean, Britain's first woman leader of a major trade union, we catch glimpses of a union world in turmoil. PHILIP BASSETT looks at the EETPU's claim that it alone is marching to the right tune

'WE ARE IN THE vanguard of change,' says Eric Hammond, EETPU general secretary. 'What the EETPU does today, other unions do tomorrow.' 'The requirement on the electricians as I see it,' says Tony Dubbins of the NGA, 'is that they have to demonstrate to the rest of the movement that they are not a bosses' organisation, and that they are prepared to do what the trade union movement requires them to do — and that is to act like a decent, brotherly trade union.'

That's the crucial divergence, particularly as it's seen by the public: the EETPU, modern, forward-looking, radical: the NGA, hidebound, niggling, Luddite. Each has more to it than that (even measured by their own disputes, electricians are among the most truculent of employees; printers, especially in Fleet Street, have for years been practising exactly and to an ultimate degree the market unionism the EETPU now espouses); but it's more than a matter of perception.

On a long series of issues, the EETPU seems now to be marching to a different drum — on the miners' strike, on the breakaway UDM, on ballot money, on single-union deals, most recently on News International's Wapping dispute. Like the proud parent looking at little Johnny, the electricians believe that everyone else is out of step: their drumbeat is now in time with the real rhythm of union members.

Hammond and the EETPU's leadership believe they are taking their pace from changed realities that in part stem from the impact of the Thatcher government, but go way beyond it: changes in employment patterns (more women, more self-employment, more skilled work); changes in technology (more electronics, more high-tech); changes in the social base (more middle-class values, more shifting away from Labour's traditional base); changes in where work is (more jobs coming in the south, more going in the old industrial heartland areas); changes in trade unionism (more — much more — non-unionism, more union members wanting their unions to deliver at a time when they are increasingly unable to do so).

Leaders of the EETPU have responded to these changes in two key ways. Firstly, by developing a theoretical and practical approach which in its coherence, since the rivening of the NUM, is now unique among British trade unions; and secondly, by *talking about it*. Promotion is vital to the EETPU (some print union leaders see John Grant, the union's head of comunications, ex-journalist, ex-Minister, ex-Labour Party, as the *real* villain of the piece): both its strike-free agreements and its new membership benefits service are, like many great inventions, just new packages, drawing together disparate elements into something which then is seen as, and from that forms, a new whole.

But it *has* got something to talk about: at a time when unions have a poor hand to play, the EETPU makes the best of its deal — militant when it wants (its strike threat over GCHQ), moderate when it wants (no strikes over Wapping); sophisticated (pendulum arbitration) and stark (its single-minded drive for membership); giving ground (some, over Wapping), taking it, too (its deal with Eddy Shah's new paper, out next week).

IT RESTS ITS case on its populism, its unswerving belief that its ballot-based democracy constantly enforces its representatives. John Aitken, a leader of the EETPU Left, feels he and others must oppose Hammond's claim to speak for the members; privately, some leading left-wing electricians acknowledge that he does.

Left-wingers in the EETPU, who held some hopes that when Frank (now Lord) Chapple retired Hammond might offer the prospect of change, are now scathing about the union's leadership. 'The EETPU no longer represents the right-wing of British trade unionism,' says Ian Brown, a steward at Shell's Carrington plant. 'It represents an extreme form of business trade unionism.' Brown and others see the EETPU as so far gone as to be irredeemable now from within; though some in the EETPU Left see it as yielding up ground hard fought for under appalling circumstances over many years, the idea of a 'parallel' organisation (especially if the union is turfed out of the TUC) is gaining ground among those opposed to the leadership — if you can't beat 'em, leave 'em.

Electricians' leaders mostly dismiss the union's Left as an irrelevance. Wyn Bevan, an EETPU executive councillor and an old left-winger himself, thinks the distinction outdated: what distinguishes unions now is radicalism — with the EETPU firmly in the vanguard. Its 'new unionism' is based on technology, on the rejection of class, on the espousal of the market. It finds its form most sharply in strike-free deals with companies like Toshiba, and Hitachi. It finds its friends not so much among trade unions, but among government ministers — Norman Tebbit, Peter Walker, Kenneth Clarke — and (most crucially, since it now aims much of its pitch at them) among employers.

Crime beyond heinousness, all this, to many in the unions (at least at official level; privately, some TUC General Council members admit with trepidation that Hammond sounds uncomfortably like many of *their* members), principally because of its overt abandonment of the notions of class solidarity on which UK trade unionism *has* been based; Rodney Bickerstaffe of NUPE says this isn't 'new' unionism, unionism for the 21st century — it's old-style crawling to the boss, glossed up with a new face.

Trade Unions: declining membership

Union	Recruiting	1980	1985
AUEW	engineering workers	900,000	1,250,000
merge with foundryworkers 1985			
TASS	eng technicians and office staff	200,954	220,000
merge with sheet and other metal unions			
ASTMS	technicians, white-collar staff	491,000	390,000
CPSA	civil service, clerical	223,884	149,782
EEPTU	electricians and plumbers	420,000	355,000
GMBATU	gas and loc. auth.	967,153	846,565
merge with boilermakers			
NGA	print, composing and machine	111,541	126,267
merge with SLADE, design			
NUM	miners	289,448	200,000
breakaway Union Democratic Mineworkers			est. 30,000
NUPE	public sector, mostly manual	691,770	673,445
SOGAT	print, publishing inc. distribution	205,784	210,462
merge with NATSOPA			
UCATT	construction	347,777	249,961

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Andrew Wiard/Report

No violence, utter reasonableness — the battle now is for the public's hearts and minds

Even so, because the EETPU's new unionism *is* a package, many other unions feature different elements of it. TASS and ASTMS are as keen to organise in the high-tech industries. UCATT is as ready to take government money for ballots. The AUEW is as sold on computers. GMBATU is as acutely aware of social and industrial changes, and the need to come to terms with them.

Perhaps most significantly, given the Wapping dispute, are the EETPU's similarities with the print unions. That's right, similarities; much has been made of their differences, of how the EETPU has behaved over Wapping in a way which no other union, let alone the print unions, would do (even Alistair Graham of the CPSA, one of the prime architects of the new realism which the EETPU now so much embodies, says it behaved 'incredibly badly').

But similarities there are. Tony Dubbins may publicly revile the EETPU, but he too is a new-technology man — he has never worked in the hot metal from which Rupert Murdoch has now sheared away. Brenda Dean of SOGAT, too: 'Resistance to change by one union to help another in the end does not assist either union' she wrote in her cool, appraising report of the impact of new technology on the American printing industry.

On many issues bar Wapping, Dean in particular is foursquare with Hammond: on pre-strike ballots, on the relationship of union members and leaders, on a general secretary's personal impact, on taking if necessary a tough, sometimes confrontational, approach with union branches which don't fall into line, on the need to appeal to a public wider than union memberships — and, in doing so, to help win the members themselves. On Wapping too, in part: Dean's counter-proposals to Murdoch's demands for a legally-binding no-strike deal (flexibility, single status, participation, binding arbitration) were in all but name exactly an EETPU Toshiba-style strike-free package deal.

WAPPING CERTAINLY isn't a clash between the 'new' and the 'old' trade unionism — or if it is, then none of those involved feature one or the other exclusively. What it has done is, through the stark role of an old-fashioned 'demon' employer, brought the turmoil of the changing union world onto our public screens. As far as the print unions are concerned, there's nothing 'new' about electricians taking their jobs, and as far as the EETPU is concerned, there's nothing 'old' about Dean's insistence on learning from the miners' strike, avoiding violence as far as possible, and playing for the prize of public opinion.

Wapping probably will not produce a wholly new solution either. Hammond now believes that Wapping will probably stay a non-union plant (print union leaders are still suspicious that he's all but signed a deal with Murdoch); that's new for Fleet Street. It's likely that the old rivalries between the print unions will re-emerge: at some point, SOGAT and the NGA may have to peel away from each other, as a traditional deal is done on redundancies, and printing re-starts at Grays Inn Road; that's *not* new for Fleet Street.

But even though the EETPU has been baulked over Wapping (and given the TUC's new policy on single-union deals, a good deal more besides), the challenge to the established trade union orthodoxy of its new unionism won't subside. At the moment, TUC leaders sense a new rapprochement with the EETPU, signs of a more 'helpful' attitude, to use the great Congress house term.

Some are still suspicious that it's just a feint, that the EETPU is biding its time, that Hammond knew really that, unlike ballot money, Wapping never looked much like a

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winner for the electricians (probably true enough). They're probably right, too — because the conditions which engendered the new unionism of the EETPU are still there. John Edmonds of GMBATU in particular may prove that you don't have to respond to those conditions, even try to reshape them, in the way the EETPU has; there may be other keys to the modern world of work. But the index of the EETPU's impact is Dean's plan for Wapping; even though Murdoch rejected it, it was a measure of how much ground the EETPU and its allies have captured — how much, a year after the end of the miners' strike, the trade union map has been re-drawn. □

Philip Bassett is the Labour Editor of The Financial Times, *and the author of* Strike Free: New Industrial Relations in Britain, *to be published by Macmillan in August.*

FORTRESS WAPPING

THE WASTELAND

We've been shown as wronged heroines of a Victorian novel; but we've kept our self-respect writes SOGAT member JEAN SARGEANT

ON A COLD, snowy evening, women from the print union SOGAT '82 marched from Tower Hill to Fortress Wapping. It was a fortnight since we had been sacked by Rupert Murdoch, but as we passed the White Tower our spirits were high, warmed by the support of other women trade unionists, miners' wives and the ranks of clapping, cheering male printers lining the route.

The march was more than a morale booster: it was meant as a reminder that News International had dismissed 850 clerical workers and that nearly half of them are women. Our invisibility is no accident: for Rupert Murdoch's propaganda prefers to dwell on the macho image of the demon printer who — he tells us — is overpaid and addicted to old technology and 'Spanish customs'.

I shall tell you only about what I can vouch for: the clerical workers I know personally, like my friend and colleague, a young black secretary who is bringing up a small son on a single wage packet.

She might be excused for playing it safe, but when someone discussing the strike ballot, asked: 'But how would we manage being on strike?' it was she who responded, 'We must not think of our own personal circumstances before we vote, or we will lose perspective. First we must work out the basic principles.' For her, principles meant loyalty to the people in the chapel who had achieved the better pay and conditions that followed the long Times Newspapers lockout of 1978/79.

For John, the principles at issue were the civil liberties he believed the Wapping contracts would breach, including the right to belong to an effective trade union and — as a last resort — the right to strike. 'I would sacrifice my job for that,' he said.

For others, loyalty meant not letting your friends down. Paulette and Michèle were two friends whom I met picketing together early one Sunday morning. Paulette, who looks after a blind father, spoke wistfully about how she enjoyed her job in the advertising department. Now, at 18 years old, she must face giving up her first job knowing there are nearly four million unemployed.

When a friend has crossed the picket line — as some of our members did — the sense of betrayal is keen. 'She was my friend for 20 years,' Eileen said. 'Or rather, I thought she was.'

Eileen, like me, has worked at the *Sunday Times* for over 20 years, so we have experienced before the pains of industrial struggle and dismissal: the sadness you feel when you clear out your desk drawers for the last time; anger, as your own product — the newspaper — is used as a weapon against you; pity as you see the men who normally print it standing out in the cold and for the small businesses left behind in Gray's Inn Road — all the victims of Murdoch's *blitzkrieg* long and coldly planned; and fear, especially fear, as you wake up at 5 am counting future bills like sheep.

This time round, thankfully, the secret ballot, with its 5:1 endorsement of the strike, spared us the ordeal of prolonged chapel meetings batting the arguments back and forth to exhaustion point. But the newspaper proprietors, having campaigned vociferously in their leader columns for the ballot, did all they could to get those they wanted at Wapping to ignore the result.

THOSE WHO WENT to Wapping missed an experience which goes some way to erase, for me, the ugly memories of those last weeks at Gray's Inn Road when Murdoch's men, in their pre-Wapping manoeuvres, called up those forces of fear, envy and greed they rely on for the age-old strategy of divide and rule.

By contrast, outside on the picket line, being human means co-operation, mutual concern, trust for colleagues who have proved their loyalty, the sharing of money and strategies for survival. 'I've notified the bank, the building society and my in-laws,' said one old hand. This is the time you call on financial and spiritual reserves; rediscover the grace of living just one day at a time; walk instead of catching a bus; and are glad that baked potatoes and brown rice are cheap as well as having health food chic.

You've lost redundancy money but kept your self-respect and the respect of your peers. This is important to women clerical workers whom authoritarian cost-cutting managements can, in times like these, reduce to dogsbody status.

There were no dogsbodies when the women marched to Wapping, singing the miners' songs. And, as the printers cheered, the world of page 3 girls was far away. One home-made placard had easily deciphered graphics: The *Sun*, it said, gets on my tits.

But, you may well ask, what did you achieve when you got to Wapping? Were you not (and are you not) powerless, as the media continually point out, all you nice, non-violent SOGAT women pickets, standing there like wronged heroines of a Victorian novel turned out in the snow? Hard Times, indeed.

Yes, and that is the very reason why I stood and will stand again, outside the Murdoch works at Wapping. Everyone has their own reasons, but I am picketing as a protest against powerlessness and against the erosion of civil liberties, including the right to strike in any but the most formal sense, that has brought that powerlessness about (perhaps women can acknowledge it more easily).

I can and will speak to all who will listen of an employer who, we believe, engineered a strike against himself so that he could sack his own workforce cheaply and replace them with workers on short-time contracts, secretly recruited from the dole queue. Now he has deprived us, via the courts and the sequestrators who are accountants of *his* choice, of the only money we have left: our union strike pay. Then, as a bonus, *he* may sue *us*, that is our union, for damages.

I can and will speak also of a government that gave him that power: they're not just selling the silver, they're selling out Britain's interests and its workforce to foreign multinationals. Here in the moral wasteland that is Fortress Wapping you see the ultimate destructive consequences of Thatcherite competition: competing for your own job with those whom the dole queue has made desperate. Here things good in themselves — like new technology or private property rights — have assumed the status of idols demanding human sacrifice.

Not everyone listens as they go into work in Fortress Wapping; some of them jeer at our powerlessness, almost as if they want to taunt us to violence. In the streets, the police officers wait.

But I will not be taunted into violence, nor will my colleagues. We will witness in the factories and the clubs and the churches. When I have witnessed, I will have discharged my duty. I'm saying that Fortress Wapping is a sign of the times in more ways than one. Do *you* want a barbed wire Britain, fit only for crawlers?

Fortunately, you can do something. Stop buying Murdoch papers, tell your friends to stop. Contribute to a SOGAT benefit fund for dismissed workers if one is set up.

As for my personal redundancy, Mr Murdoch, you've worked hard for it. Perhaps you need it more than I do. Feel free. □

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RAISING THE KIDS

NEW BILL, OLD VALUES

The current uproar by the Arts Establishment against the Churchill obscenity bill leaves ANDREW LUMSDEN ungrateful. We need, he says, a bigger row than they'll attempt

Michael Winner's *Death Wish* films involve child rape, murdered women, and bloody male revenge. Winner wants the freedom to make *Death Wishes* five to infinity — the skewed representations of gays and women don't seem to bother him

ONE OF THE loonier moments in the second reading of Winston Churchill's bill to corral broadcasting under the 1959 Obscene Publications Act came when Douglas Hogg (Con Grantham) rose to say: 'Speaking for myself and the Conservative Party, we like up-do-date legislation rather than relying on judgments made 130 or 140 years ago.' Minds in the Chamber and the public gallery strayed to the 14th century legislation wheeled out during the miners' strike . . .

More uncomfortably for the Hogg principle, the flurry of amendments due to be tabled to the Bill while it nestles for the next few weeks in Standing Committee includes one inspired by the NCCL — a recommendation that the operations of Customs and Excise against imports of allegedly indecent or obscene material be placed under the rules of the 1959 Obscene Publications Act. At present those operations are conducted under an 1876 Act originally designed by the House, as we have gleefully pointed out here before, to prevent imports of indecent chess sets into girls' boarding schools.

That problem no longer seems to be exercising anyone. However, one significant aspect of this amendment is that it uses Churchill's bill to liberalise obscenity law; another is that it restores the Executive's endless interest in suppressing gay culture to the agenda of the Standing Committee, just as it was at the forefront of the Second Reading on 24 January.

To take those two points in order: Peter Brooke, the new Minister for the Civil Service in succession to the ineffable Barney Hayhoe — Brooke is a man with an openly supportive past record towards gays — has the task this summer of sending for the papers on Customs & Excise's prosecution of Gay's the Word (under the 1876 Act). Who are we to know what questions he may ask himself? But he *may* ask himself whether Customs officers (as one testified in court) are right to think the word 'gay' is the *prima facie* equivalent of 'obscene'. He *may* ask himself if all imports of lesbian and gay books should be stopped, as Customs seems to think, under a 19th Century Act.

Over now to David Mellor, Home Office Under Secretary, rousing himself magisterially during the Second Reading, in the wake of a splendid denunciation of the Churchill Bill by Robin Corbett (Lab Birmingham Erdington). Churchill, remember, has said that 'the inconceivable has happened': the November broadcasts of Derek Jarman's *Jubilee* and *Sebastiane* were 'a flagrant violation of the statutory duty laid on television not to transmit material which "offends against public decency or good taste".' Mellor now says to a packed House on behalf of HMG 'the issues raised by the showing of those films are important enough to detain the House for more than a moment'.

MORE THAN A moment indeed. That debate ran from 9.38 am to 2.30 pm, and two productions by an openly gay film maker were the *only* transmissions which exercised the Tory-jumpers-up-and-down. Jo Richardson (Lab Barking) put her finger on the Bill as tacit 'gay bashing', Chris Smith (Lab Islington South and Finsbury) reminded the House that the BBC has already just banned a *Horizon* programme in which gay men spoke about their sexuality in relation to Aids. They needed no Churchill Bill to do it.

Pause. What's with all this anti-gay stuff by Customs under an old law, which Mr Hogg shows no inclination to denouce, by Messrs Churchill, Fairbairn, Mellor and others in support of a proposed new law, and by the Prime Minister, who lent her face to Churchill

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on the Second Reading division? Even I, as a gay man with an infinite awareness of the dotty sexual obsessions of the Right, can't suppose that how to get the gays is much more than a rollicking diversion to Churchill *et al.* ('As flies to wanton boys, so gays to straights, they kill us for their sport'.) We are evidently more a handy symbol than an unhandy reality. Bad in ourselves, but the symptom of something worse, something probably not even articulated by the pushers of this Bill.

This brings me to last Thursday's protest rally against the Bill at the British Academy of Film and Television Arts (BAFTA), where John Mortimer and Melvyn Bragg, doughty freedom-of-speechers, and Michael Winner of Death Wish Films, and Michael Grade, Controller of BBC 1 (though there as Chair of BAFTA), were among the luminaries raging against the Churchillian restraints on broadcasting. They've had a success: they seem to have persuaded Churchill to drop his absurd 'laundry list' of 'violent' or 'obscene' acts which can *never* be shown. But as Mrs Melrose Ape once memorably ordered London Society in one of Evelyn Waugh's novels, *just look at yourselves*.

Michael Winner, three days after the BAFTA rally, wrote in the *Sunday Times* that 'few [seriously interested in the arts] doubted that Channel 4's screening of *Sebastiane* was an error'. Michael Grade presides over the most casually homophobic top-rated show in television, Esther Rantzen's *That's Life*. Small errors of taste, no doubt.

But the more substantive trouble with the BAFTA folk is that they still pitch their tents on a simple-minded cry of 'artistic licence' and 'free speech'. I wait for the day when I'll see much of either on the box, *speaking as a gay man*. Here's Jo Richardson speaking — as a woman: '[We have] not tackled the whole question of the sexually passive presentation of women which is thrown at us all the time and which does more harm to how people view women and women's independence than what we are considering [in this Bill].'

Whitehouse is always running rings round the delightful men — note men, and append straight — who mount the rostrum against her on these occasions by calling them a vested interest, the beneficiaries of how things are now in broadcasting. To run rings round *her* it's necessary to bust open the old consensus about 'free speech' which she, really, rather shares with BAFTA. (She wants less of the same thing, they want more of the same thing.)

We can hope to see a bit of busting from the Opposition minority on the Standing Committee. The apparent line to take is to attend to the correct abbreviation of the Churchill Bill. It's the Obscene Publications (Protection of Children etc.) (Amendment) Bill. All of us, all adults, are agreed on the imperative that children be protected, though I'd rather write we are agreed to oppose *abuses* of children.

What *does* abuse children, where the role-modelling power of broadcasting is concerned? Fake images of women, fake images of men. Ah! So that's why gays keep getting our truly unnatural prominence. We knew it all along. We're the extreme instance of the sort of people girl children and boy children must not grow up to be: real. □

PRIVATE INTERESTS & PUBLIC DUTIES

CLIVE PONTING comments on our final extracts from the secret memorandum for Cabinet ministers dealing with the code for handling private financial interests

'QUESTIONS of Procedure' has to walk a tightrope in dealing with Ministers' private interests. The government wants to avoid an outright scandal from an obvious conflict of interest, but at the same time Ministers do not want to damage their often lucrative financial affairs. When a balance has to be struck, it is the financial interests that usually win.

Britain has never had a tradition of well-paid, fully employed MPs. Instead the Commons has arranged its business so that there is plenty of time for members to have an outside career in the morning and most of the afternoon and then attend to public business in the evening.

What happens to these interests when the great ambition of Ministerial office is achieved? Politicians know that their time in power may be limited and they want to ensure that they still have a good source of income if an ungrateful electorate or a Prime Minister unaware of their talents should put them out of office, or even worse, out of parliament. Therefore only the absolute minimum of outside interests are given up and the system allows plenty of loopholes to ensure that the politicians can carry on as they would like.

'Questions of Procedure' sets out the great principle that 'Ministers must so order their affairs that no conflict arises, or appears to arise, between their private interests and their public duties'. In practice this means less than such a sweeping and high-minded statement would lead us to expect. For 'each Minister should normally decide for himself how the principles apply to him'. The only general rules are that all directorships, other than those for the maintenance of private family estates (not too many outside the Tory party one suspects), must be given up together with any controlling interest in a company.

None of this deals with the question of trustees and the very easy way in which a direct interest can be temporarily put on one side while the general interest in the future of a company is retained. Also, what about the impact of the business interests of close members of the Ministers family, for example their wife or husband and their children? There have been a number of cases in recent years involving serious doubts about the influence of family financial interests on the policies of senior Ministers. (The Prime Minister and Mark Thatcher's activity in Oman is a case in point.) 'Questions of Procedure' is completely silent on this point.

'. . . what about the impact of close members of the family?' *Camera Press*

In the last decade or so there has, quite rightly, been increasing concern at the number of senior civil servants who have, on retirement, taken up well-paid jobs in the private sector and whether the knowledge that such jobs are ready and waiting has influenced their advice while still in Whitehall. There have been just as many Ministers moving in the same direction from the Cabinet table to the boardroom. For example, John Nott went to a major international bank and both Lord Carrington and Jim Prior went off to GEC. Should there not be an equal degree of concern about the impact that these sort of moves could have on policy decisions inside government?

Although 'Questions of Procedure' gives general guidance about some Ministerial interests, couched in polite language and heavily imbued with the Whitehall ethos that any Minister will automatically know the 'correct' course of action without being told, it is completely silent about two major areas of activity — the law and farming.

Politics and the law have always been closely connected, not just because the skills of the advocate and the politician are so similar. The law is an ideal career for a politician. Courts do not sit after about 4.30 pm, leaving plenty of time for the Commons. It is a career that can easily be restarted when out of office. There is also a strong political bar and well-connected members can expect to become QCs, with their higher fees, quicker than the average.

Lawyers are always well represented in the government and the Cabinet — and not just in the obvious jobs such as the Law Officers. This means that in any discussion affecting the legal profession it is not just the Lord Chancellor who is able to spring to its defence. In any cabinet discussion for example on legal

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aid there is usually a straight split between the non-lawyers arguing for restraint on payments to the legal profession, and pointing out that legal aid work takes longer than privately funded work, and the lawyers arguing for generosity and pointing out how slow the government is in paying for legal aid.

But the most entrenched pressure group among Ministers are farmers. Mrs Thatcher's first Cabinet in 1979 contained 10 members who were farmers or who owned substantial estates and many other junior Ministers were similarly part of the agricultural interest. Labour Cabinets have also had farmers in them, Dick Crossman and Jim Callaghan, for example. This ensures that there is always a sympathetic ear for the 'difficulties' that farmers have to face.

It is almost normal practice for the Minister of Agriculture in a Tory government to be a farmer. For example, the last two Ministers, Peter Walker and Michael Jopling, and Jim Prior in the Heath government, are all farmers. They are therefore in the position of not just deciding on policy but also being affected by that policy.

The result of all these influences has been predictable. Farmers, now in fact often large investment trusts, receive a direct subsidy from the government of £2 billion a year, equivalent to 40 per cent of the total production of the industry. This compares with the so-called inefficient industries such as British Rail and the National Coal Board which receive subsidies of 33 per cent and 10 per cent respectively. Farmers are also exempt from rates and VAT, worth another £500 million a year. □

CONFIDENTIAL
Ministers' Private Interests

It is a principle of public life that Ministers must so order their affairs that no conflict arises, or appears to arise, between their private interests and their public duties.

Such a conflict may arise if a Minister takes an active part in any undertaking which may have contractual or other relations with a Government Department, more particularly with his own Department. It may arise, not only if the Minister has a financial interest in such an undertaking, but also if he is actively associated with any body, even of a philanthropic character, which might have negotiations or other dealings with the Government or be involved in disputes with it. Furthermore Ministers should be free to give full attention to their official duties, and they should not engage in other activities which might be thought to distract their attention from those duties.

Each Minister should normally decide for himself how the principles apply to him. Over much of the field, as is shown below, there are established precedents. Where there is a doubt it will almost always be better to surrender the interest but in such cases the Prime Minister of the day must be the final judge, and Ministers should submit any such case to him for his decision.

Directorships

Ministers must on assuming office resign any directorships which they may hold, whether in public or in private companies and whether the directorship carries remuneration or is honorary. The only exception to this rule is that directorships in private companies established for the maintenance of private family estates, and only incidentally concerned in trading, may be retained subject to this reservation — that if at any time the Minister feels that conflict is likely to arise between this private interest and his public duty, he should even in those cases divest himself of his directorship. Directorships or offices held in connection with philanthropic undertakings should also be resigned if there is any risk of conflict arising between the interests of the undertakings and the Government.

Partnerships

Ministers who are partners in professional firms, as solicitors, accountants, etc., should, on assuming office, cease to play an part in the day-to-day management of the firm's affairs. They are not necessarily required, however, to dissolve their partnerships or to allow, e.g., their annual practising certificate to lapse. Beyond this it is not possible to lay down precise rules applicable to every case; and any Minister who is in doubt about his personal position in this respect should consult the Prime Minister.

Shareholdings

Ministers cannot be expected, on assuming office, to dispose of all the investments they may hold. But if a Minister holds a controlling interest in any company, considerations arise which are not unlike those governing the holding of directorships; and, if there is any danger of a conflict of interest, the right course is for the Minister to divest himself of his controlling interest in the company. There may also be exceptional cases where, even though no controlling interest is involved, the actual holding of particular shares in concerns closely associated with a Minister's own Department may create the danger of a conflict of interest: where a Minister considers this to be the case, he should divest himself of the holding. There may also be less clear-cut cases where a Minister would feel it appropriate to place his holding in the hands of trustees.

Ministers should scrupulously avoid speculative investments in securities about which they have, or may be thought to have, early or confidential information likely to affect the price of those securities.

"Names" at Lloyds

A Minister cannot properly continue to be a "name" at Lloyds while holding office as Prime Minister, Chancellor of the Exchequer or Secretary of State for Trade. In each case he is required to suspend his underwriting activities. As regards other Ministers who, on appointment to office, are "names", it is clearly inappropriate that they should take an active part in the management of the affairs of the syndicates of which they are members; and there may be cases in which, because of the emphasis of a syndicate's business, any continued participation in it must be regarded as inconsistent with the holding of a particular Ministerial office. All Ministers are therefore required, on appointment whether to their first or to any subsequent Ministerial office, to obtain the permission of the Prime Minister before continuing a connection with Lloyds, however nominal, which they had established before appointment or establishing any such connection during their term of appointment.

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MEDIA

Churchill bill: TV as trespass

MANDY MERCK

'AS A SCOTSMAN', observed Tory MP Nicholas Fairbairn in a memorable moment in the 24 January Obscene Publications Amendment debate, 'I regret that it was a Scot who invented both television and the telephone, which are the only two intrusions into private homes that anybody can make without permission.'

There's already been a great deal of speculation about the specific provisions of Winston Churchill's bill, especially its newly discarded 'laundry list' of proscribed acts and organs: 'masturbation, sodomy, oral/genital connection, oral/anal connection, the lewd exhibition of genital organs or excretory functions, cannibalism, bestiality, mutilation or vicious cruelty'.

A list which failed to include rape, or any mention of women, was not calculated to appeal to feminists, and Churchill always seemed eager to exempt both Jacobean and journalistic violence, in the interests of *Titus Andronicus* and *News at Ten*. Then, as Jo Richardson argued at the bill's Second Reading, there was the list's 'almost obsessive' concern with the anus, and its likely ban on 'any visual depiction of a homosexual relationship'. *NS* readers won't find her interpretation novel, since one of the bill's sponsors, Sir Nicholas Bonsor, confessed as much in the 13 December issue.

Certainly Derek Jarman's homoerotic *Sebastiane* comes up whenever two or three of the bill's supporters are gathered together, but then so does the director's rather more polymorphous portrait of Britannia on the brink, *Jubilee*. As Mary Whitehouse complained on last Sunday's *This Week Next Week*, British television guidelines say a domestic object should never be used for violence, yet in *Jubilee* 'we had that fearful shot of that policeman under pressure from this gang of teenagers [who smash] a pop bottle on the side of the step and press that pop bottle into the face and throat of that policeman.'

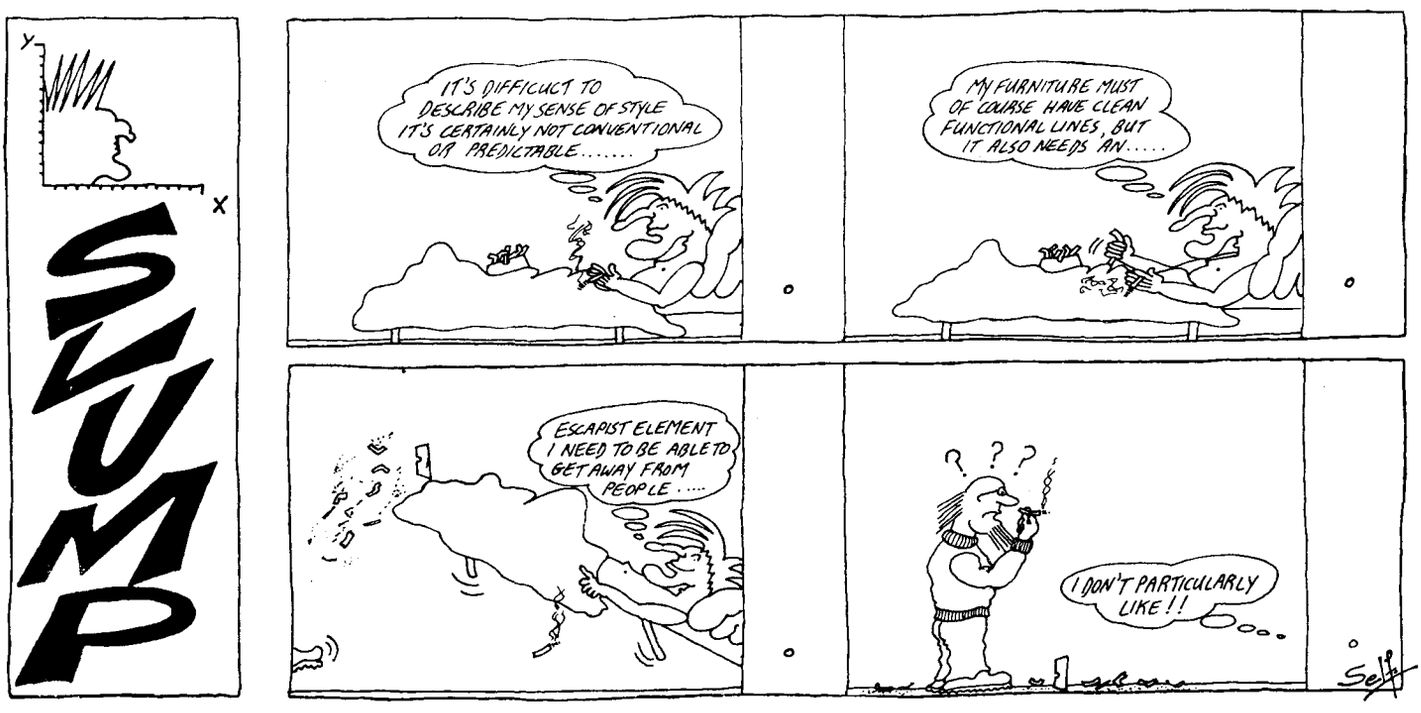
Whitehouse's interpretation of this scene and its *domestic* implement as a household hint for homicide, *Blue Peter* for sadists, suggests why those who concentrated on the bill's actual commandments got it wrong. Its specific prohibitions were not in themselves unprecedented. They were cobbled together from previous lists in the 1982 Local Government Act and the 1984 Video Recording Acts, with an added heterosexist infection by Bonsor out of Whitehouse, scourge of *Gay News* and *The Romans in Britain*. What is extraordinary is this bill's scope — its extension of legal jurisdiction from 1982's sex cinemas and 1984's cassette shops to 1986's anywhere 'to which persons under 18 years of age have access or . . . through the medium of television broadcasting'.

This brings me back to Fairbairn's apology for those invasive inventions from Scotland. He wasn't alone last month in condemning broadcasting as legalised breaking and entering — the idea is endemic among MPs who take an interest in the subject. Either television lies in wait for Virginia Bottomley's unwary children, who 'often come downstairs late at night because they wake up and are afraid', or it seeps through the roof, in the 'drip, drip effect of television violence' (Churchill, Braine, etc). And unlike radio, this visible intruder is believed to possess an absolute immediacy, which in Fairbairn's description 'requires no intellectual effort to absorb, translate, comprehend or interpret'. So it's always too late to turn over — the damage is done.

This conception of television destroys the dichotomy of public and private on which British legislation has depended since Wolfenden. That 1957 report attempted to identify two separate spheres, a public one in which greater regulation was required to protect non-consenting citizens from offence (from solicitation by homosexuals or prostitutes, indecent displays, etc.) and a private one in which consenting adults were entitled to exercise moral choice about sexual acts and representations. Children, defined as incapable of granting consent, were automatically assigned to the public sphere.

In its unique combination of public and private, television has never fitted into this dichotomy. 'Broad'-casting speaks to largely private audiences whose differing interests are legally aggregated into one 'public taste'. The traditional identification of children with the domestic sphere, the *Blue Peter* household, paradoxically transforms it into a public place, requiring protection from potential offence. Yet, in the age of the VCR, the home has also become the major outlet for 'mass' media in Britain, producing demands for 'serious, adult' programming.

In deeming every space a public place except the licensed purveyors of '18' fare, Mr Churchill's bill is a logical attempt to come to terms with this dilemma. Unless the opposition turn their attention to the crisis in our understanding of 'broadcasting', 'the home viewer' and 'public taste', Mr Churchill's newly amended Amendment Bill will still retain the advantage of a perverse consistency. □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DIARY

David Edgar

The NCB's peremptory closure of Bates Colliery, Northumberland, is bitterly timed. A year ago today, the press gleefully announced that the number of miners back at work had finally topped 50 per cent of the workforce. The night before, 600 strikers from Mardy colliery packed Ferndale working men's club, to debate and finally accept their lodge chairman's argument that an ordered return to work, albeit without an agreement, was preferable to what might have become a rout.

Mardy is, of course, the last pit in the Rhondda and the dawn march-back of its men headed most of the television news bulletins when the strike finally ended a week later. Since then, Mardy's workforce has declined from 800 to 420 and an already accepted underground link-up with nearby Tower colliery is proceeding with unagreed haste. The Coal Board is obviously keen to test its tactics of bluster, rumour and threat (particularly on the question of redundancy entitlements) on South Wales's erstwhile 'Little Moscow'; despite keeping the pit in regular profit, miners suspect that the link-up below will lead inevitably to shut-down above. The scuppering of Bates — in defiance of the colliery review procedure — will do nothing to alleviate those fears.

○

All right, so now I know. In my last diary, I mentioned that I was suffering from back trouble, proceeding thence to express various opinions on oesteopathic and other matters related thereto. Initially, the public response to this revelation merely served to confirm the remarkable extent (with a few significant, but now I trust corrected, gaps) of *New Statesman* readership among my regular and indeed casual acquaintance. It didn't take long, however, for me to sense the extraordinary resentment my innocent announcement had provoked. In even the most solicitous enquiries as to the state of my vertebrae, I began to detect a distinct, tart edge; in many, the indignation at what appeared to be seen as a gross abuse of privilege was naked and overt. I knew, did I, that many people had survived the most horrendous mangling of the sciatic nerve without feeling that they had to run off to the newspapers at the first twinge? I was aware, perhaps, that literally dozens of sufferers from the severest inflammations of the lumbar spine had undergone their ordeal without attempting to solicit sympathy from 200,000 complete strangers *even once*? When next I was inflicted with an ailment of sufficient seriousness to warrant national coverage — a bout of chestiness, or perhaps a nosebleed — I might this time consider going for the top at once, and announce my confinement on *Breakfast Time*.

I have been warned. It is much better. I shall say no more.

○

I could say a great deal more than space allows about Winston Churchill's attempt to amend the Obscene Publications Act. The depressingly low standard of the debate about this miserable measure (the astute Geoffrey Robertson and the pugnacious Jeremy Isaacs notwithstanding) is, of course, partly due to the manner in which the Left has vacated this territory, for fear that by opposing censorship it might be seen to be promoting pornography. The idea that not wanting to ban something is on a continuum with making it compulsory is akin to the other dangerous fallacy in this matter, which is the idea that the simulation of an act is a milder form of its actual commission. No doubt the opponents of free expression get very bored with the blinding of Gloucester; but the reason why that example is so potent is not just that it is a peculiarly violent and sadistic scene, but because it makes pellucidly clear the truth that to represent horror is neither to condone nor promote it. Indeed, in that, as in so many other cases, the intention *and the effect* is precisely the reverse.

○

Last Sunday, the *Observer* carried a perhaps unintentionally revealing paragraph, in a piece by Giles Gordon on his visit to the rehearsals of David Ruskin's new play *The Saxon Shore*.

'To a theatre critic', Mr Gordon wrote, 'conditioned to appraising weeks or months of work on the strength of an hour or two in the stalls, it was a humbling, exhilarating experience to be permitted to sit in on a couple of rehearsals'. Not merely humbling and exhilarating, however: Mr Gordon was clearly amazed by what he found to be happening in the hitherto mysterious, closed world of the rehearsal room. The things that proved particularly astonishing included the director taking three actors 'repeatedly through the same few pages of script', one of the actors worrying away 'until entirely satisfied', and, indeed, the fact that 'each line, each scene is weighed and weighed again, discussed, occasionally a line or two deleted, changed'. Now, as a theatre critic, Mr Gordon presumably already knew that rehearsals take place, often for several weeks, before plays are presented to the public. He was obviously banjaxed by the discovery that they consist in large part of detailed work by director, writer and actors on the nature and interpretation of the text. What *can* he have thought went on?

○

Ken Livingstone, I read, plans to walk on water between County Hall and the Houses of Parliament (on a submerged pontoon) as a final gesture before the final demise of the GLC on All Fools Day. I quote exactly from the *Guardian* because I can't work out whose tongue is in whose cheek. Among the many serious contributions that Livingstone has made to the British Left, his capacity to send up his own image is the most refreshing political innovation. Early in his career as GLC leader, he was asked about his first meeting with the then Transport secretary, Norman Fowler, and replied: 'He asked to see me again. I think he must want me for my body'. If a man who can say that to a group of journalists, which may well have included representatives of the *Sun*, wishes to end the present stage of his career performing a visual pun in the middle of the river, then that's fine by me.

ROGER WODDIS

For this relief . . .

Among the social security rises in July announced by Social Services Secretary Norman Fowler is 40p a week for single pensioners

Down on your knees, you grey-haired groaners,
Shut up and thank your lucky stars
For all the benefits you'll squander
On private jets and chauffeured cars.
Be grateful as you stuff your purses,
Or puff away on your cigars.

You lot are far less use than lilies,
You toil not, neither do you spin;
To beg for more offends your Maker,
To envy is a deadly sin.
Think of the pain to Norman Fowler,
The tears that trickle down his chin.

Your hard-pressed betters can't afford you,
Your living's never been so high.
You break the bank with every biscuit
And every ounce of tea you buy.
Why don't you pray for hypothermia?
Why don't you just lie down and die?

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AP

WILL 'PEOPLE POWER' DELIVER?

It's a catchy slogan — but Cory Aquino and her recruits from the Ancien Regime have an uphill struggle to prove they are serious about reform, says HENRY JACKSON

'OUT THERE on the roads around the camp, we are not calling it a Cory government, we are calling it the people power government,' said one union activist fresh back from the human barricades defending the rebel military base at Camp Crame. The 'people power government' tag has thus been adroitly adopted by Mrs Aquino as she gets herself inaugurated as the new president of the Philippines.

But whose power will Mrs Aquino really represent? Certainly it has been 'people power' which has pushed her up into the presidency. The defections of defence minister Enrile and General Ramos were keys to gaining her victory, but not conclusive. When they barricaded themselves into Camp Crame last weekend they clearly lacked the strength to topple Marcos by military force. What prevented Marcos from being able to fulfil his threat of 'liquidating' them was not the initial fire power of the rebels, but a massive popular mobilisation with hundreds of thousands of people surrounding the rebel military base.

Yet few Filipinos can have illusions about the conversion to revolution by Enrile and Ramos. Both have been architects of martial law. Enrile is a veteran manoueverer for power with political ambitions which have brought clashes with Marcos before. He has in the past had powerful financial backing from Eduardo Conjuango, a banker and coconut industry magnate. Until the very last moment, Enrile remained doggedly inside the Marcos camp. As a politician of 20 years service under Marcos it will be hard for him to shake off his past.

Ramos, however, is being rapidly provided with a new image. He is being painted as the 'professional' soldier, a graduate of West Point, who finally lost patience with the 'integrees', the corrupt political appointees in army command, chief of whom has been General Ver. This simply doesn't wash. Among his positions in the armed forces, Ramos is head of the Philippine Constabulary. Battalions under him such as the 53nd have been notorious for their atrocities in different areas of the country. The systematic nature of this terror cannot be simply attributed to indiscipline lower down the ranks. In recent months, as the election campaigns gathered pace, Ramos tried to cover up his role in the Escalante massacre, in Negros, where 18 sugar workers were shot dead in a demonstration last September.

FOR MANY Filipinos the defection of Enrile and Ramos only accelerated the inevitable overthrow of Marcos. Bayan, a mass coalition of peasant and worker organisations, whose supporters poured into the areas surrounding the rebel camp to join the jubilant Cory supporters, is worried by this new alliance with the opportunistic generals. While people have been risking their lives forming unarmed human barracades against Marcos troops, Enrile and Ramos have already been incorporated into the new provisional government; Ramos is Chief of Staff. Cory Aquino's history of shifting to suit new alliances on offer gives the Left good cause to worry.

In December 1984 Aquino signed a joint set of principles with other opposition groups. These included demands that the US bases be removed and a major land reform programme be implemented. Senator Laurel, now Aquino's vice president, refused to sign the principles; he thought they were too radical. When Aquino teamed up with Laurel during

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the election it was Laurel's more conservative policies which predominated. Although Bayan joined in the push to remove Marcos, its fear is that with Enrile and Ramos supporting her, in return for a power base in the armed forces, Aquino is already stuck with a reform government hostile to real change.

Indeed the probable future outcome in the struggle for power in the Philippines appears to fulfil rather neatly the US plan for the Philippines laid out by the US National Security Directive in March 1985. There the options put forward were that Marcos should institute reforms and broaden his political base. This would involve him dismantling what is called 'crony capitalism', the gifts of lucrative trading monopolies for his close political friends. It would mean that he should follow the demands set out by the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. There should be a reform to 'professionalise' the military. The aim of all this was to check polarisation in the Philippines and isolate the revolutionary movement. Marcos failed to seize the initiative and implement these reforms. Washington's intense dislike of popular resistance toppling dictators must be mightily assuaged by Aquino's new alliance with the disaffected generals.

Ramos is considered leader of the 'professionals', who the US wants to control the army. This professionalism is directed at more efficiently crushing revolt against the regime; professionalism has already included systematic terror in the countryside. It is hard to imagine Ramos tolerating for long the growing power of militant unions and peasant groups.

In the key area of economic policy Aquino has promised little in the way of redistribution of wealth and resources. She offers only to tinker with land reform, the major cause of discontent in the countryside. She has given no sign of a change in an economic strategy which currently offers up the Philippines for exploitation by multinational capital, and which depends on a depression of Filipino living standards. Unless Aquino puts the Philippines on a course of regaining control over its own economy, a future crisis is inevitable.

Although Bayan has openly declared itself willing to 'wait and see', the patience of people who were working to overthrow Marcos long before Mrs Aquino came along will soon be frayed. To prove herself, she will have to produce a real commitment to fundamental reforms on issues of national sovereignty, symbolised by the US bases or in economic policy.

The danger, of course, is that Aquino will think she can ride on support from the newly mobilised middle classes and the Church, buoyed by a new injection of US military aid. To do that would be to ignore the deep sympathy the New People's Army commands in the countryside, which will only be lost if people are convinced Aquino is representing their interests. On present reckonings, there is no way the military could defeat the guerrillas.

For all the focus on Camp Crame in the last days no mention has been made that that camp, as well as being a military base, is a detention camp for political prisoners. So far calls by the crowds defending the military inside the camp, asking for the release of trade unionists, and human rights activists in the cells of the camp appear to have gone unheeded. If Aquino and the generals are to survive, they must listen to the voices of those people who, by their very numbers, have created the space for the new government. □

Henry Jackson writes for International Labour Reports.

PROPAGANDA

DEAD 'SPIES' LOOK BAD

DENIS HERBSTEIN on how South Africa is making capital from the way SWAPO broke its spy ring

TEN YEARS AGO the South African government initiated a concerted campaign to infiltrate the South West Africa People's Organisation (SWAPO). They recruited intelligent, upwardly mobile young men, using offers of money or threats against the families of SWAPO supporters imprisoned under security laws.

The prisoners would then be released, sent on training courses, rearrested to give them added credibility, then sent out on the SWAPO 'secret' escape route to Angola. There, being well educated, they rose rapidly in the organisation. Many went on political orientation or military training courses in the Soviet Union or East Germany. The successful South African spymasters eventually had four members of the SWAPO central committee working for them.

Some details of the spy ring, and how it was exposed, came out at a SWAPO briefing in London earlier this month. It is unusual for a nationalist movement in the throes of a war to admit publicly that things were not going too well. Their guerrillas are pitted against the African continent's best equipped army. Twenty years ago the United Nations revoked South Africa's mandate to administer Namibia and in 1971 the International Court of Justice at the Hague upheld that decision. South Africa has resorted to any measures illegally to hang on to control in the territory.

We were shown video cassette confessions of some of the 100 men now in SWAPO's custody 'somewhere in Angola'. SWAPO's new international relations secretary, Theo Ben Gurirab, and the information chief, Hidepo Hamutenya, certainly convinced me that their detainees were indeed genuine spies and not dissidents such as have plagued revolutionary movements throughout history. But there are some disquieting unanswered questions.

The biggest fish netted in the swoop was Tauno Hatwikupili. By all accounts a gifted, intelligent man, this former radio announcer had been the director of the anti-government Christian Centre in Windhoek (capital of

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Namibia) before leaving for Angola. Friends said he was frustrated at not being able to achieve change. From Angola he was quickly sent to the Soviet Union on a course. Back in Lubanga, at the southern Angolan guerrilla headquarters, he founded the magazine *Combatant*, started an educational centre, and even a band. A flair for military strategy sent him zooming upward to the No. 2 military position in the liberation army.

At the end of December 1983, a guerrilla officer named Andries Basson made a confession (later recorded on cassette) in which he said that he had supplied information to Hatwikupili, which was radioed from Lubanga to their South African spymasters. Within a month Hatwikupili had 'committed suicide', the day after being confronted with his treachery. There has been no confession, no description of where he died or how he contrived to take his life while in the custody of his jailers, indeed no explanation of how a man apparently so dedicated to the liberation of his people could be a traitor.

SWAPO, with the West refusing to provide the arms to liberate the territory, has depended almost exclusively on the East bloc. The result has been a long, hard slog to persuade friends in the West that the cause is worthy of all-out moral support. South Africa's vicious record on human rights in Namibia has been a persuasive argument. But now support groups and aid organisations want more facts about the breaking of the spy ring, the methods of interrogation, conditions of imprisonment in a foreign, albeit friendly country. Gurirab has promised that the detainees would not be victimised. But there were, he said, 'real traitors' among them and they cannot be rehabilitated. SWAPO, he rightly says, 'is not a charity organisation, but is engaged in the liberation of our country'.

SOUTH AFRICA's friends are already making capital. Reports have come back from Angola and Zambia, where at least 60,000 Namibians live in refugee camps, alleging various, though vague malpractices, by some SWAPO officials. Only last week, the South African puppet 'national assembly', in Windhoek, which does apartheid's dirty work, called for an investigation into SWAPO and the Council of Churches.

Clearly the huge dent in its security has sapped SWAPO morale. By going public, it hopes to preempt what Gurirab calls a 'right-wing campaign to deglamourise SWAPO'. For, with the guerrilla war in a virtual stalemate these last two years, Pretoria is now devoting greater efforts to wresting the propaganda initiative. Not since the days of the Mulder-Rhoodie information scandal that rocked Pretoria has South Africa been so keenly on the initiative.

South Africa's case is best put by the Reagan Administration, which has been trying to deprive SWAPO of its favoured status at the UN, thereby threatening its massive material and educational aid from international bodies. The US (and Britain) do not officially recognise the South African sponsored 'Transitional Government of National Unity' in Windhoek, but are prepared to meet their represenatives in their capacity as members of the puppet 'legislative' body for Namibia, set up last year, the Multi-Party Conference (MPC), in which Afrikaner nationalists are the most numerous group. Equal status for SWAPO and the MPC is the American and British policy right now, rather like giving equal accreditation to both the Petainists and the Free French in 1940.

The refugee camp allegations will certainly be aired in London next month when the so-called 'International Society for Human Rights', a brainchild of West German reaction, meets to discuss 'Human rights in Namibia'. President Reagan, Mrs Thatcher and Chancellor Kohl head the only three governments that refuse to recognise SWAPO as the natural successor to Pretoria's colonial rule.

Jeane Kirkpatrick, once Reagan's ultra-right UN ambassador, is expected to make the keynote speech. All of which points to difficult days ahead for the worthy men and women who fight to liberate Africa's last colony. □

PLAYING WITH APARTHEID

GOOCH & CO BOYCOTTED

English cricketers have queered the pitch for their tour of the Caribbean reports CHARLES DE LEDESMA

Trinidad

THE FAST BOWLING of Jamaican cricketers isn't the only thing which will be rattling the English cricket side in their Caribbean tour. Their arrival in Trinidad on Wednesday provoked a large and noisy demonstration against the inclusion of the five rebels who have played in South Africa.

The issue — pro or anti the tour — has split Trinidad and Tobago society down the middle and has become a litmus test of the extent to which people here are prepared to use direct action against apartheid. The controversy is not a new one. The movement against apartheid has more of a history here than anywhere else in the Caribbean, except Cuba. Powerful unions such as the seamen and waterfront workers have been refusing to handle South African goods for a long while. The oilfield workers took the initiative as long ago as 1971 by boycotting Antigua tankers because of that island's clandestine trade links with South Africa.

The chief agency which has mobilised anti-tour opinion has been the Campaign In Defence of West Indian Cricket. Under the banner 'We love cricket but hate apartheid more' they have assembled support from the majority of Trinidad and Tobago unions and community groups.

The rebel players, says the Campaign, have not paid the correct price for aiding apartheid. They should be made to comply with the UN regulations which urge such rebels to state their abhorrence of apartheid and to state that they will never return to South Africa in *any* professional capacity.

AT A PUBLIC forum held in City Hall, Port of Spain on 14 February, the Campaign made clear that the Gleneagles Accord of 1970, drawn up by Commonwealth countries as a stand against apartheid in sport, was much too loosely worded as it left each country free to reprimand its rebels in any way it thought fit. Whereas the West Indies placed a life ban on players like Colin Croft and Bernard Julien, England slapped only three years on Graham Gooch and Co.

The Campaign has tapped the groundswell of public opinion against this limited ban and Gooch has become in a more general way a symbol of Great Britain's lackadaisical attitude to direct action against apartheid.

Also in the forum, putting the other side of the case, was Allen Rae, chair of the West Indies Cricket Board of Control. He attempted to redeem the situation by pointing out that to exact new terms from the English touring side at this late stage would be impossible and that, if the visit were to be cancelled, the West Indies might be barred from international cricket, thus making it possible for South Africa to gain entry.

Later Rae added that he considered cricket the lifeblood of Caribbean society. As with his previous statements, this was met not with applause but with a resounding 'no'. Lyle Townshend from the Campaign replied that Caribbean lifeblood ran deeper than that — down as far as Azania. He was greeted with a resounding 'yes'.

The anti-tour lobby has received support from an unexpected quarter; Prime Minister George Chambers has declared that he will not be going to the matches in solidarity with Black Azania's struggle. The accusations that Chambers was donning his campaign hat (1986 is election year) in making this statement came fast and furious. What, people asked, is the PM doing other than hedging his bets by stepping out of line with his party which is officially committed to the tour.

At the press conference preceding a candlelit protest rally Lyle Townshend warned of the depth of feeling the cricket tour has aroused. 'Due to the anger of the people', he said, 'we wish to emphasise how unsafe it will be for the English players to arrive in this country. There is no telling how the people will respond.' □

This England

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. (On postcards please).

□ The ever-grasping hand of the taxman is at work once more. Ball boys at Plymouth rugby club have received tax inquiries about their weekly earnings of £1 plus a free Cornish pasty. — *The Star* (George Moor)

□ A nappy-changing area is to be provided in Nottingham's 28 men's public lavatories, following pressure from the Equal Opportunities Commission midwives and baby care groups, the city council said yesterday. — *Daily Telegraph* (Mr W. Pugh)

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LETTERS

Orbach's got it wrong

Dr Calum Paton, London N5

Susie Orbach's article, 'Why women deny their bodies' (*NS* 14 February), is typical of interesting and frustrating analyses by feminists. While it makes several valid points which jog the typical reader into a realisation of subtle pressures on women, its *main* and most interesting argument has nothing to do with feminism. Her analysis of how 'binges' are attempts to cope with the emotional ebb and flow of everyday life could be expanded into a critique of how tension is manufactured in our (social) work and roles. Then the means by which tension is unsuccessfully fought could be described, and less unsatisfactory solutions considered.

But this has nothing intrinsic to do with feminism. Feminists would be more successful if they limited their analysis to its relevant place. Arguments which over-reach themselves dissipate sympathy for the cause.

Julian Rathbone, Christchurch, Dorset

I think Susie Orbach is mistaken to treat bulimia and bulimic episodes as typically female complaints and I think she does no one a service by treating the problem from a feminist standpoint. Recurring compulsive binges, often seriously damaging to psychic and physical health, are confined neither to food, nor to adolescent and mature women. Children of both sexes, and adult males, are, I am sure, just as prone to the same disorder; and drink, smoking, and even compulsive and 'pointless' sexual activity, can take the place of food. It's possible that some drug abuse also follows the same patterns. I would suggest that the form compulsive binging takes is determined by the means most readily available, and the causes have more to do with the rootlessness, purposelessness, and alienation that afflict society under capitalism, than with the more specific oppression suffered by women.

Are we all animals?

David Fernbach, Heretic Books, London N15

Should we rejoice the see the *NS* inch towards an acknowledgement of animal liberation (21 February), or despair at the near-total incomprehension of the animal movement shown in Jolyon Jenkins's article? Philosophic debates on 'speciesism' are not irrelevant, but making the issue appear to turn on a philosophic concept merely supplies the Left with the best pretext to go on dismissing it. Undeneath all concepts, you have to feel the suffering of animals, just as you must feel the suffering of other humans. *We* are tortured by scientific experiment. *We* are factory farmed and butchered. *We* are wiped off the face of the Earth.

The time is past when human society could excuse the suffering it inflicted on fellow sentient creatures by saying they were 'just animals'. We are all animals, and unless we act on that recognition pretty smart, homo sapiens will join the club of extinct species within a few decades. What is threatened by the Bomb and industrial ecocide, after all, is the animal basis of human existence, and this is why the specific issue of animal liberation has become a kind of litmus test of the burgeoning green consciousness. Rudolf Bahro puts this better than I can in his recent book *Building the Green Movement*.

Elizabeth Cooper, Great Clacton, Essex

How glad I am to see that the animal liberation movement has got its priorities right. It's nice to know that racism and sexism are on a par with 'speciesism'.

Are women and blacks really so far from being 'human'? Maybe we should express our solidarity with animals by bringing back slavery.

I do not believe that we can be complacent in our belief in *human* rights. To put animals first is absurd and dangerous.

Media smears Militant

A. Mulhearn, Childwall, Liverpool

Ian Williams's article (*NS* 17 January) regarding the outcome of the Old Swan by-election was as unfortunate as it was inaccurate. Mr Williams makes light of the press campaign waged against Liverpool Labour Council. However, the scale of coverage, almost entirely hostile, of a council by-election was unprecedented. Derek Hatton, particularly, has been singled out for personal attacks as a smokescreen to divert people's attention away from the real issues. It is a familiar Fleet Street tactic, last used to great effect to defile Arthur Scargill during the miners' strike. The electorate, as Glyn Parry, the Alliance candidate, admitted, were not confronted with the issues, they were subjected to a high pressure campaign against the Labour Party.

After the count, both the Independent Liberal and the Conservative candidates condemned the Alliance for their tactics. The indecent haste with which they called the by-election after the tragic death of Peter Lloyd was insensitive enough, but the stuffing of a dozen or so leaflets through his widow's letter box defies comprehension.

The description of the week's events is poorly researched. The Static Security Force actually exempted the road gritters and the meals services from their industrial action. Furthermore, the 'broken promises' over housing co-ops referred to only some 30 single people who would have been given two or three bedroomed houses while families remained not only on the long housing waiting list but in appalling conditions. As far as Militant supporters are concerned, Anne Hollinshead actually acknowledged their major contributions to the campaign at a meeting of Broadgreen Constituency Management Committee. Ian Williams should show the progress the Council has made in housing, education, recreation and nursery provision, rather than cause divisions in the Party by regurgitating smears and innuendo.

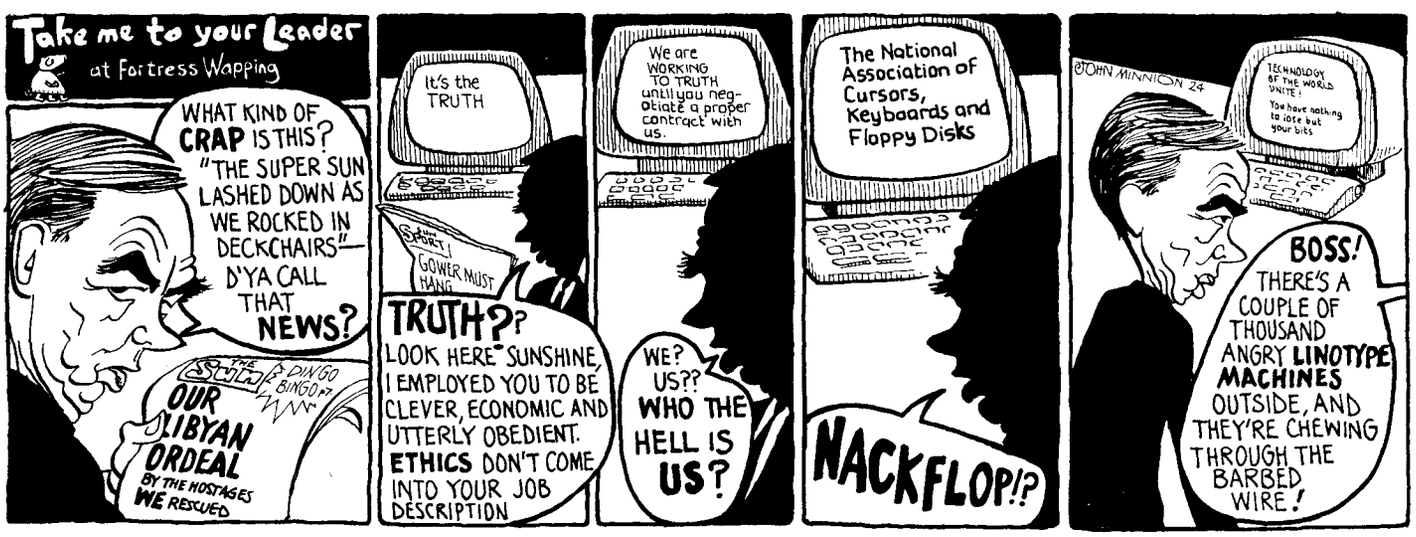
Aching for sport

Tom Pendry MP, chair, Parliamentary Labour Party Sports Committee

Of course Kate Hoey was right (*NS* 7 February) when she pointed out that the paucity of our sports coverage is deplorable both in the press and by our political parties.

I write to assure her, however, that she is not a voice crying in the wilderness as far as the Labour Party is concerned. Some of us in the Parliamentary Labour Party Sports Committee are endeavouring to raise the whole level of debate as far as sports, recreation and leisure are concerned. Others are joining in the fight to ensure that we have rather more than the usual docile paragraph on sport that the 1983 and previous Manifestos contained.

The pioneer work of Denis Howell must be built on not only for electoral advantage but, equally important, because the size and scale of leisure time, mostly enforced, is of such magnitude. Perhaps the true extent of this will only become apparent when the facilities currently funded by the GLC and the Metropolitan Authorities are no longer available to sporting and recreational groups after next month.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GOWER MUST HANG
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We are WORKING TO TRUTH until you negotiate a proper contract with us.
WE? US?? WHO THE HELL IS US?
The National Association of Cursors, Keyboards and Floppy Disks
NACKFLOP!?
JOHN MINNION 24
TECHNOLOGY OF THE WORLD UNITE! You have nothing to lose but your bits
BOSS! THERE'S A COUPLE OF THOUSAND ANGRY LINOTYPE MACHINES OUTSIDE, AND THEY'RE CHEWING THROUGH THE BARBED WIRE!

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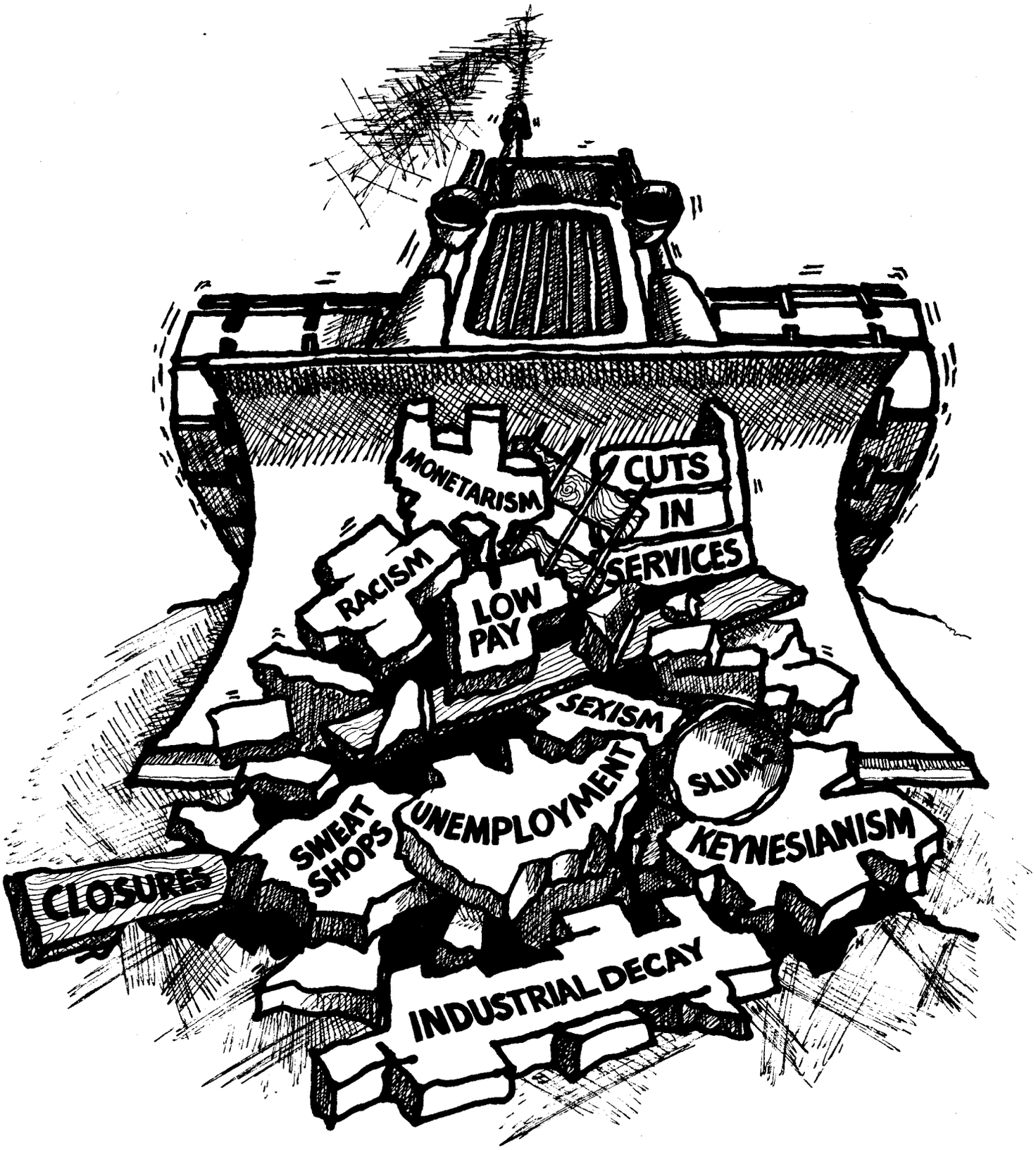

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Henry Iles

Four short stories by James Kelman

Governor of the Situation

I hate this part of the city — the stench of poverty, violence, decay, death; the things you usually discern in suchlike places. I dont mind admitting I despise the poor with an intensity that surprises my superiors. But they concede to me on most matters. I am the acknowledged governor of the situation. I'm in my early thirties. Hardly an ounce of spare flesh hangs on me — I'm always on the go — nervous energy — because my appetite is truly gargantuan. For all that, I've heard it said on more than one occasion that my legs are like hollow pins.

Leader from a Quality Newspaper

It might well be wondered why certain hints of infinity are likely to knock folk back on their uppers. The answer lies not in hypocrisy but in genuine self doubt. Given the general mystification which hangs shroud-like from our shoulders we should not cry out when down falls the sword of an acquaintance. It is, after all, the sort of occurrence we are to be secure upon.

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Half an hour before he died

About half an hour before he died Mr. Millar woke up, aware that he might start seeing things from out the different shapes in the bedroom, especially all these clothes hanging on the pegs on the door, their suddenly being transformed into ghastly kinds of bodies, perhaps hovering in mid air. It was not a good feeling; and having reflected on it for quite a few minutes he began dragging himself up onto the elbows to peer about the place. And his wrists felt really strange, as if they were bloodless or something, bereft of blood maybe, no blood at all to course through the veins. For a wee while he became convinced he was losing his sanity altogether, but no, it was not that, not that precisely; what it was, he saw another possibility, and it was to do with crossing the edge into a sort of madness he had to describe as 'proper' — a proper madness. And as soon as he recognised the distinction he began to feel better, definitely. Then came the crashing of a big lorry, articulated by the sound of it. Yes, it had always been a liability this, living right on top of such a busy bloody road. He was resting on his elbows still, considering all of it, how it had been so noisy, at all hours of the day and night. Terrible. He felt like shouting on the wife to come ben so's he could tell her about it, about how he felt about it, but he was feeling far too tired and he had to lie back down.

The one with the dog

What I fucking do is wander about the place, just going here and there. I've got my pitches. A few other cunts use them as well. They keep out my road cause I lose my temper. I've got two mates I sometimes meet up with to split for a drink and the rest of it. Their pitches are out the road of mine. One of them's quiet. That suits me. The other yin's a gab. I'm no that bothered. What I do I just nod. If anybody's skint it'll be him. He's fucking hopeless. The quiet yin's no bad. I quite like the way he does it. He goes up and stares into their eyes. That's a bit like me except I'll say something. Give us a couple of bob. The busfare home. That kind of thing. It doesnt fucking matter. All they have to do is look at you and they know the score. What I do I just stand waiting at the space by the shops. Sometimes you get them with change in their hands; they've no had time to stick it back into their purses or pockets. Men's the best. Going up to women's no so hot because they'll look scared. The men are scared as well but it's no sexual and there's no the same risks with the polis if you get clocked doing it. Sometimes I feel like saying to them give us your jacket ya bastard. It makes me laugh. I've never said it yet. I dont like the cunts and I get annoyed. Sometimes I think ya bastard ye I'm fucking skint and you're no. It's a mistake. It shouldnt fucking matter cause you cant stop it. There's this dog started following me. It used to go with that other yin, the quiet cunt. It tagged behind him across in the park one morning and me and the gab told him to fucking dump it cause it must belong to somebody but he didnt fucking bother, just shrugs. One thing I'm finding but it makes it a wee bit easier getting a turn. But I dont like it following me about. I dont like that kind of company. I used to have a mate like that as well, followed me about and that and I didnt like it. I used to tell him to fuck off. That's what I sometimes do with the dog. Then sometimes they see you doing it and you can see them fucking they dont like it, they dont like it and it makes them scared at the same time. I'd tell them to fuck off as well. That's what I feel like doing but what I do I just ignore them. That's what I do with the dog too, cause it's best. Anything else is daft, it's just getting angry and that's a mistake. I try no to get angry; it's just the trouble is I've got a temper. That's what the gab says as well, your trouble he says you've got a fucking temper, you're better off just taking it easy. But I do take it easy. If they weigh you in then good and if they dont then there's always the next yin along. And even if you dont get a turn the whole fucking day then there's always the other two and usually one of them's managed to get something. That's the good thing about it, having mates. What I dont understand I dont understand how you get a few of the cunts going about in wee teams, maybe four or five to a pitch, one trying for the dough while the rest hang about in the background. That's fucking hopeless cause it just puts them off giving you anything and sometimes you can even see them away crossing the street just to keep out the way, as if they're fucking scared they're going to get set about if they dont cough up. It's stupid as well cause there's always some cunt sees what you're up to and next thing the polis is there and you're in fucking bother. What I think I think these yins that hang about in the background it's cause they're depressed. They've had too many knockbacks and they cant fucking take it so what they do they start hanging about with some cunt that doesnt care and they just take whatever they can get. If it was me I'd just tell them to fuck off; away and fuck I'd tell them, that's what I'd say if it was me.

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Finding their own feet

Paul Roazen

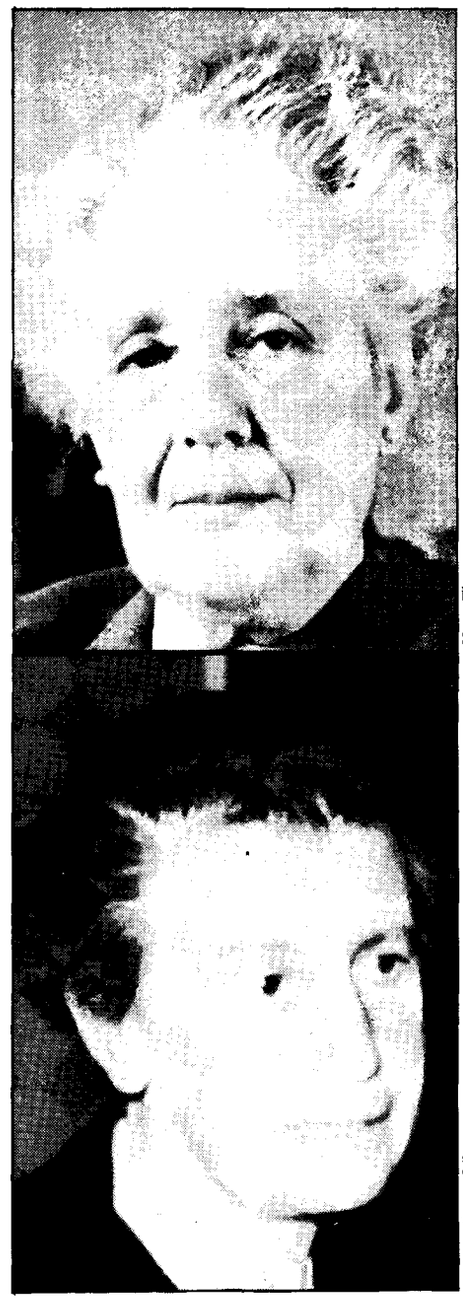
The British School of Psychoanalysis: The Independent Tradition
ed. GREGORIO KOHON *Free Association Books* £25 & £9.95

ALTHOUGH ERNEST JONES led a tiny band of psychoanalysts in London before World War I, the important history of British analysis does not start until the early 1920s. The analytic group was then not yet intellectually sure of itself but had already attracted some remarkable figures to its ranks. Once Melanie Klein moved from Berlin to London in 1926 British analysis began to acquire its distinctive ideological character. Klein's version of child analysis was not merely a challenge to Anna Freud's practices; Klein increasingly began to offer a full-scale variation on the Freudian outlook. Things in Britain were developing so at odds with the Freudians on the continent that some suggested that the British Psychoanalytic Society was becoming schismatic.

The 1938 arrival in London of Freud and the Viennese analysts marked an end to the relative free-thinking that had prevailed beforehand. During World War II the so-called Controversial Discussions took place within the British Society. The issue was over power and the training of candidates, since Klein's ideas were accused of being a new heresy. The groups around Anna Freud and Klein presented their sides of the case. Jones's autocracy was in abeyance since he had semi-retired to the country, but he was known to be sympathetic to Klein. In the end the controversy petered out, with Anna Freud's group being allowed to have their own separate training facilities within the British Society. A devoted band of committed Kleinians continued their work. And the largest group of analysts, called the Middle Group or the Independents, who wanted to be free from either of the two rival doctrines, sought to evolve a separate path of their own.

The British School of Psychoanalysis: The Independent Tradition consists of an attempt to present the mature ideas coming from the Middle Group of analysts. The book contains a lengthy introductory note about the history of the psychoanalytic movement in Britain, which provides an over-view of the distinctly British contributions; and then the rest consists of relatively recent professional papers, almost all of which first appeared either in the *International Journal of Psychoanalysis* or its sister the *International Review of Psychoanalysis*.

The fierceness of the quarrels between Melanie Klein's party and that of Anna Freud meant that British analysts have had to come to terms with two rival ways of thinking. Both these highly sectarian groups had more money and power than the numerically larger Independents. The clash between competing systems of thought ensured sophistication in Britain. While in America a monolithic Freudian view held sway at the most fashionable centres of training, in Britain there was a chance for more distance toward received wisdom. As a result British psychoanalysis was relatively less complacent than in North America. At the same time British analysts have never earned the professional status or charged fees as high as across the Atlantic.



Hans Thorner

Hulton Picture Library

Above: Melanie Klein; below Anna Freud; and in-between the independent British tradition owing total allegiance to neither of them

Kohon tries his best to keep his narrative impersonal. He does not highlight any of the human tensions between the pioneers in British analysis. If Jones, for example, backed the cause of 'lay' (non-medical) analysis despite personal misgivings, it was in part because medically untrained therapists would pose less threat to his control of the British Society. Kohon's account of the Controversial Discussions avoids such distasteful stuff as one of Melanie Klein's chief accusers being her own daughter Melitta Schmideberg.

Kohon does successfully highlight how the Independents made a special contribution to elucidating the role of counter-transference in treatment. Analysts have unconscious reactions of their own, especially to the patients' obscure feelings which stem from their distant childhood past. Counter-transference is a useful therapeutic tool as well as an interference, but the concept highlights that what happens in treatment is an encounter, a relationship between two people. Kohon hopes that British thinking has escaped the 'sterility' which he acknowledges too often marks the productions of psychoanalytic writers. A little less historical piety on Kohon's part — he alleges, for instance, that 'it was from his patients that Freud learned psychoanalysis' — would doubtless have succeeded in emancipating him even more.

THE WORST PAPERS appear in the first section of the book, which focuses on early childhood. All the writers have the worthy aim of concentrating on what Freud excluded — the relation of mother and child. But the papers are dull because they are too abstract, really theological, since they discuss early infancy as if its psychology has been neutrally established. It is disturbing that some of these writers not only do not treat children but seem never to have had any children of their own.

All the papers in this volume share a genial kind of harmony. But one of the problems in the history of psychoanalysis is that there has been an inadequate number of reasonable disagreements, so that when disputes do break out they become volcanic. No one throughout this book challenges the merits of regressions, although it is true that Michael Balint draws a distinction between benign and malignant regression. More fundamentally, the concept of the legitimacy of therapeutic dependency has promoted much more extended analyses than Freud originally envisaged. Writers here talk about the first, second and third years of analysis without any apology; nobody questions what the disadvantages of long-term treatment might be. When it comes to extended analysis I am inclined to think that the Emperor has no clothes. At least until someone starts asking about the infantile gratifications for analyst as well as patient in such long-term treatments it is hard not to think that a large subject is being needlessly ignored.

Furthermore, why is no one worrying about the extent to which the analytic situation contributes to clinical phenomena? Some years ago Erik Erikson suggested that the classical psychoanalytic set-up resembled a sensory deprivation experiment and that much so-called transference material was in fact a response not to the patient's own problems but to the difficulties in coping with the peculiar circumstances of psychoanalytic treatment. It should not be heresy to entertain such ideas, which serve as a check on the unverifiable speculation that goes on in the British Society about the nature of infancy.

The clinical illustrations in the book are

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always engrossing. This is partly because these analysts have been so bold as to treat psychotic patients; here one worries when the therapists are untrained medically and there is no sign of biochemical knowledge. All the lives and problems of these patients are unusual enough to command our attention. But the reactions of the analysts can be just as bizarre, as they struggle over a conflict between what they have been taught as the technical rules of their training and what they feel to be the demands of their common humanity.

For me the best section of the book was the one on 'The Psychoanalytic Encounter: Transference and Counter-Transference' where one gets live reports of the treatment itself. One analyst even bravely conceded having bawled a patient out and admitted that hardly any analyst talks about laughter in a clinical session. If analysts did not feel so prim, they would write much more about how second analyses differ from first analyses; they would explore the rigidities in technique that lead to therapeutic failures; they might discuss the processes of referral by which a patient gets sent to one analyst rather than another; and they would acknowledge how psychoanalytic training can interfere with the creativity of candidates. How do patients in psychotherapy compare with those in psychoanalysis and what are the grounds for one type of treatment as opposed to the other? It would be good to know how counter-transference feelings differ toward patients in different forms of therapy. Although one writer here does acknowledge 'the state of *malaise* existing in the relationship between our theory and our clinical work', this book will do little to ameliorate that problem.

The final unit in this volume has as its topic female sexuality, but there is little that is genuinely innovative or even broadly based on the available literature. It is too late in the day for ritualistic utterances like 'as we all know, Freud was a true scientist', or such in-group fears as the 'danger of going the way of Jung'.

This book reminds us of the extraordinary personal dedication within the Freudian tradition. Perhaps there can never be a final reassurance that psychoanalysis has succeeded in avoiding becoming the illness for which it purports to be a cure. But the Middle Group of British analysts could go a lot further in an independent direction and still lay claim to its ties to the Freudian heritage. □

FICTION

Lost in the labyrinth

Liz Heron

Last Dance With You
GRACE INGOLDBY *Michael Joseph* £9.95
What's Bred in the Bone
ROBERTSON DAVIES *Viking* £9.95
The Circle of Reason
AMITAV GHOSH *Hamish Hamilton* £10.95
The Birth and Death of the Miracle Man
ALBERT WENDT *Viking* £9.95
Swank
DAVID TUDOR *Cape* £8.95

AT 82 THE NOTED archaeologist Richard Fox drowns himself. Among his many papers his son Peter discovers an essay that prefigures the suicide: *The Journey from A*. The Journey to B, Peter's parallel act of surrender and escape, ends the circuitous narrative of **Last Dance With You**, set largely in the Wiltshire fastness of the Round House, whose circular rooms and corridors carry the echoes of accreted dishonesties. Like the narrative, the house too doubles back on itself, its architecture affording unexpected opportunities for covert watching and listening. Once well moored by the illusory certainties of his own licensed eavesdropping (15 solid biographies in eight years), Peter allows his father's death to cast him adrift, prey to the dangers of tortured doubt and feeling.

The Round House is a mausoleum, a monument to family history as cover-up, where selected memories are preserved in the vinegar comforts of household routine or frozen in numbing conversation. Joyce, faithful housekeeper and secretary to the great man, finds solace in the systematic denial of her terminal disappointments; old friend and hanger-on Ralph colludes; and the purposeful Nicola, imported to furnish the sanitised official version of Richard's biography, can be counted on to proceed in the straightest of lines, ignoring any untidy clues. Only Kate, the young painter befriended by the father and later the object of the son's paralysed love, admits life and spontaneity, which, along with creativity, enable her to survive the debacle of their affair.

This is an accomplished and well crafted novel. Grace Ingoldby handles her characters with admirable delicacy and precision and occasional bruising strokes of humour, but her detachment is chilling and it's impossible to imagine anything but wincing pity for Peter and his inexorable despair. Even Kate, with her laudable impulse to self-preservation, is a colourless fugitive from this narrow and painfully self-enclosed world. The others remain rats in a maze, whether accepting or vainly resisting their entrapment. It's hard to see where the way out would lead.

'. . . Art remains the one way possible/of speaking truth, to mouths like mine, at least,' quotes Simon Darcourt, would-be biographer of Frances Cornish, recently deceased Canadian art restorer, whose past unearthed might threaten the respectability of his great and good banking family (in whose cupboard, as it transpires, there rattle no end of skeletons). The challenge of prising open the mysterious fissures of biography also animates **What's Bred in the Bone**, but in a spirit of celestial mockery. As the wisdom of the task is debated *en famille* and Darcourt puzzles at the enigma of his subject's childhood, the Angel of Biography and the dead man's daimon oblige the reader with a re-run of the life, a life in which the macabre and the baroque make significant early interventions.

Into his inventively plotted yarn, with its scandals, betrayals and improbable coincidences, its international art fakery, Bavarian aristocrats and West Country gentry, espionage, astrology and the evil eye, Robertson Davies weaves some teasing speculation on the themes of religious, moral and aesthetic antagonisms and their lurking hold on identity. His insistence that any one life is both the luck of draw and what's made of the draw at every stage of the game may be neither original nor weighted with suitable gravity, but the final joke is on the biographers and it gives piquancy to a thoroughly absorbing piece of story-telling, one that is yielding enough to sink into and be rolled along by.

Robertson Davies is a practised yarn-spinner. Yarn-spinning is an intended analogue as well as a conscious metaphor in **The Circle of Reason**, whose central character acquires a phenomenal mastery of weaving.

But this is a first novel whose length and mega-ambitions overwhelm the skills and experience of its author and remind us that the epic fabulist's art isn't easily achieved. A mix of historical events, reference to the politics of the Indian sub-continent, family mythologies and magic realism points at first to Salman Rushdie territory. The comparison calls for more narrative ingenuity than is evidenced; intermittent lively stretches suggest that Amitav Ghosh has genuine talent, but the book is over-hurried in its plotting and over-burdened with characters, none of whom comes adequately into focus; as it staggers to a close, after the long trek from Bengal to Algiers, it's still impossible to discern any shape or meaning in the whole.

Albert Wendt's stories in **The Birth and Death of the Miracle Man** occupy much more modest terrain, confining their geographical reach to the limits of his own Western Samoa, and concentrating on small details of everyday life, inner monologues or folk-memory. Reading them it's difficult to banish Gauguinesque images and, despite the dust-jacket's claim that Wendt destroys the myth of a South Seas paradise, there's allusion to a culture in which the material world is open to its rich dream side and a consciousness of identity that is self-possessed and remarkably unassailable.

Not the journey into the depths of the post-punk psyche that the unremitting brutalism of its opening sections intimates, nor the Eighties *roman à clef* of youth on the dole hinted at elsewhere, **Swank** is a string of disconnected vignettes using the same group of characters. Writing that succeeds in places with aggressive energy or deadpan cheerlessness falls away into a bland nihilism that makes being young seem like a long grapple with banality.

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Shorter reviews

Chronicle of Friendship: Diary of the Thirties 1932-1939

VERA BRITTAIN ed. ALAN BISHOP *Gollancz* £12.95

According to T.S. Eliot and others, the Thirties was a time *entre deux guerres* not only in fact but in consciousness. Past and future shadowed the present and people looked back in remembrance, pity and guilt; forwards in anticipation and fear. In *Chronicle of Friendship*, Vera Brittain encapsulates the peculiar quality of the time: 'I . . . belonged to a generation which had seen almost more history than any generation could bear and was still only on the early side of middle age.'

The first entry in her diary promises that it will be a 'reflective record' undertaken because 'life is too interesting now to remain unchronicled'. Written by a woman whose acute journalism, poignant autobiography and pacifist position capture one mood of a beleaguered war generation, the chronicle raises expectations. Actually it is a diary of appointments rather than 'reflections' (dentists, hairdressers, manicurists . . .). The clutter of daily life is not only mundane, it is seriously frustrating. Her dinners, cocktail parties and meetings, peopled by initials — H.G. (Wells), W. (Winifred Holtby), G. (Gordon Caitlin, her husband), V. (Victor Gollancz) — are abbreviated into lists that obfuscate the intellectual excitement and anxiety of her 'group'. The decision to declare herself pacifist, apparently the 'turning point' of Brittain's life, provides neither a pivot for her diary nor grist for her shrewd mind, but is swamped by dates, times and weather reports. Huge events, national emotions and influential people are pushed into the margins.

If the subtitle — *Diary of the Thirties* — is misleading in its unfulfilled implications, so too is the title. The friendships chronicled are rarely vital accounts. Only with the death of Winifred Holtby, her dear friend and longtime companion, does Vera Brittain's writing communicate anything of her inner life and turmoil. Grief clears a space in her life and prose; she is momentarily able to bring personal and public elegy together in mourning both a lost friend and an era. For the first and last time, the diary reads like a necessary outlet for feeling and considered thought, rather than an obligatory repository for events from which life has already leaked.

Nevertheless, the diary has a distinctive period flavour. Brittain represents the political awareness and tragic experience of her generation, as well as the intellectual élitism, privilege and revisionism of Fabianism. Almost in spite of itself, the diary is imbued with the high drama of its time, and with the 'deep fatigue of those whose personal ideals do not march with history'.

Nicci Gerrard

Freedom at a Price: An Englishwoman's Life in Czechoslovakia

ROSEMARY KAVAN *Verso* £9.95

This is an extraordinary book about an extraordinary life. If it were a novel, the author would be suspected of stretching the imagination. No woman, we would think, could have endured such hardship under Stalinism and neo-Stalinism and yet have kept her cheerful smile and her socialist beliefs. But with Rosemary Kavan reading is believing; her autobiography is painfully honest; both personal and documentary, very intimate and, in places, quite monumental.

Rosemary, herself a socialist from her early teens, met Czech exile-soldier Pavel Kavan 'an ardent and articulate communist', in wartime London, married him and followed him to Czechoslovakia. In 1953, with two small sons in her arms, Rosemary found herself the wife not of a Foreign Ministry official but of a 'Zionist Titoist traitor' sentenced to 25 years in prison. Without self-pity she rose to the grim task of scraping a bare living. Pavel was released after four years but did not live long.

When the Prague Spring was rolled over by Soviet tanks, thousands fled the country. Rosemary — on a brief holiday in England — immediately returned to Prague and stayed on even after her sons were living in England. She placed herself fully in the service of the underground opposition and four years later had to make a dramatic escape. After 26 years, she now had her freedom, but it had bitter taste. She never forgot her friends in Czechoslovakia and dedicated as much as she could of her remaining years to the work of the Palach Press Agency, founded and run by her son Jan Kavan to keep the West alert to the plight of Czechoslovak democrats.

Rosemary Kavan finished her book during the last agony of her life, terminal cancer, to which she succumbed at the age of 58. She didn't have time for final editing; but, even if not all chapters are chiselled to perfection, many passages are unforgettable.

'A voice whispers in my ear,' she wrote, '"Truth shall prevail", appending Capek's rider, "But it will be an almighty struggle!"' It took a long time to find a publisher for this moving, intelligent and informative book. Could it be that in these doubting times Rosemary Kavan's endurance and steadfast socialist faith are actually a little embarrassing? I have re-read the book twice and I am still astonished and puzzled by the strength of her beliefs. I am a Czech; I lived in the same Prague at the same time; I've suffered much less yet wavered and fretted more than she ever did. I am inclined to think that it was English 'armchair' socialism which provided her with such solid roots.

Zdena Tomin

Railroaded

SIMON BAIN *Pluto* £3.95

Woodhead tunnel is the most modern on British Rail. It was opened in 1954, the centrepiece of a new electric railway linking Manchester and Sheffield. It was closed in 1981, and the copper from the electric wires sold for scrap.

Railroaded is both the scandalous story of this closure and a view of the nation's transport policy from the perspective of the line. The author uncovered many of the facets of the story while he was working for the *Sheffield Star*. He tells the story well and clearly.

At first the Woodhead line seemed set to be one of the railways' few success stories. The line remained unscathed by Dr Richard Beeching's report, which was the death warrant for some 7,000 miles of railway. It was even included in Beeching's second report, which identified the lines to be developed.

True, the passenger service between Manchester and Sheffield was withdrawn in the 1960s — but that was only because there was so much freight traffic on the line that there wasn't any room for passenger trains. And in 1965 Tinsley marshalling yard, then the largest and most modern in Europe, was opened at the Sheffield end of the line.

However, in 1976 British Rail started a 'review' of the four lines that link Manchester and Sheffield through the Pennines. Three of the four routes still had passenger services. This meant that there would have to be a public inquiry into closure of these services and closure would then have to be approved by the minister.

Only one of the four routes — the one via the Woodhead tunnel — did not have a passenger service. It could be closed without the delay and bother of a public inquiry and the risk — even if it was remote — of the inquiry producing the wrong decision. An added attraction of the Woodhead route was the copper wiring, with a scrap value estimated at £1 million.

In fact, the report was shot through with arguable assumptions and questionable arithmetic, as BR realised because the report was headed 'Private and Confidential'. It duly found its way to a local newspaper.

The railway unions and local group opposed the closure. The Department of Transport, with its usual monomania, ran the measuring tape over the tunnel to see if it was big enough for a road. Eventually a sorry compromise was hammered out. British Rail would close the line, which it did, but it would leave down the track. In autumn 1982 it took up one of the two lines. The other still remains. Unused.

Mick Hamer

Immodest Acts: The Life of a Lesbian Nun in Renaissance Italy

JUDITH C. BROWN *Oxford* £12.50

Benedetta Carlini was born in Vellano, a remote mountain village near Florence, in 1590. During the labour, both the mother and child were in danger of dying, but both ultimately survived. In gratitude, her father named the child Benedetta and dedicated her to the religious life. She was well educated for a girl, unusual for the period despite the Carlini's affluence, but even more atypical things were to happen. Benedetta started to experience 'miracles'. Aged nine, she was admitted to the Theatine convent in Pescia and almost immediately began having visions. She then suffered a mysterious illness lasting two years, and went into trances. She received the stigmata, exchanged hearts with Christ, and then publicly 'married' Him — in a manner unusual even for Brides of Christ. Finally, in 1620 when it received full enclosure, the convent selected Benedetta as its first abbess. She was just 30.

As was the custom, Benedetta's supernatural claims were investigated, and apparently validated. Then, for some unknown reason, a *second* investigation took place some three years later in 1623. This time, not only was Benedetta found to have been deluded by the Devil, but also another nun, Sister Bartolomea, suddenly confessed that over a long period Benedetta had subjected her to what we would now call repeated lesbian rape, in the guise of a 'fallen' male angel, Splenditello. 'Immodest acts' is how the Church described such sexual relations between women; acts it neither understood, tolerated nor could admit actually happened for fear of encouraging other 'gullible' women.

Despite Judith C. Brown's immaculate research and contextualisation, what really happened is still a mystery. Was Benedetta truly a visionary or a skilful fraud? Why did Sister Bartolomea wait so long before denouncing Benedetta? Why did Benedetta defend herself during the second investigation? Was she really a lesbian; and can one woman really rape another? It sounds more like a trailer for *Soap*, and in some ways this *is* a lesbian nun thriller-mystery. *Immodest Acts* would make an amazing film if anyone were brave enough to produce it — in which case let's hope it doesn't get Spielberged.

Barbara Smith

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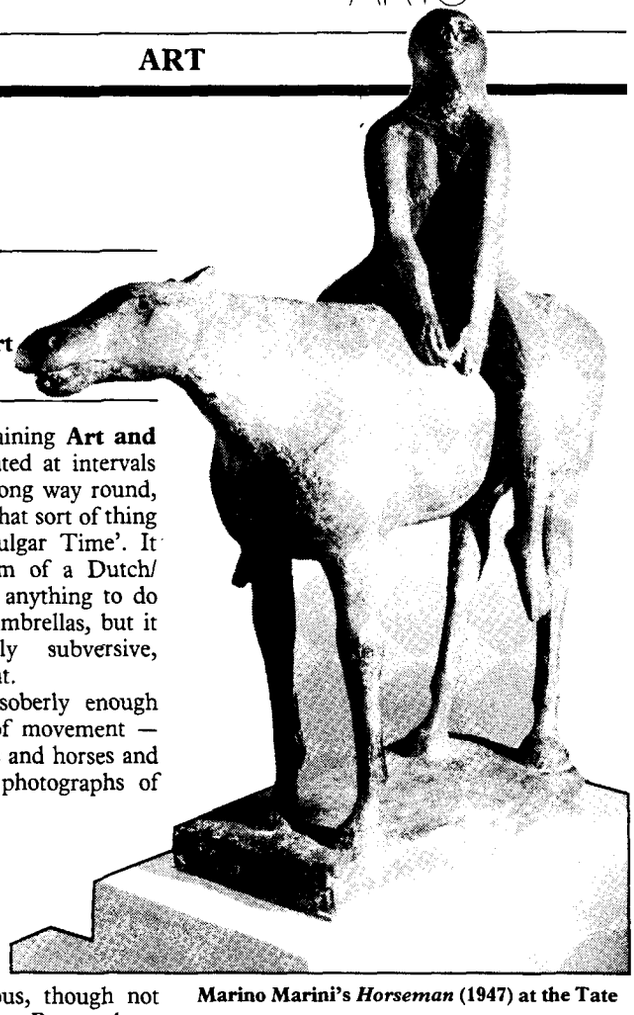
ART

Tease time

John Spurling

Art and Time
Barbican
Forty Years of Modern Art
Tate



Marino Marini's *Horseman* (1947) at the Tate

THE BARBICAN'S entertaining **Art and Time** exhibition is punctuated at intervals by duff clocks — figures wrong way round, retrogressive second hands, that sort of thing — mysteriously labelled 'Bulgar Time'. It seems to be the pseudonym of a Dutch/American artist rather than anything to do with the land of poisoned umbrellas, but it points up the puckishly subversive, anarchistic nature of the event.

True, the show begins soberly enough with 19th-century studies of movement — Degas' sculptures of dancers and horses and Muybridge's and Marey's photographs of men, horses and birds — followed by the Futurists' ambitious attempts to conflate time, motion and energy into a single image, and it is accompanied by a portentous, though not always very lucid catalogue. But perhaps because the show originated in Belgium (land of Magritte and Mesens) or because the whole question of time and space is such a tease, the irresponsible Surrealist and hooligan Dadaist elements, once having got a grip of the action, never really let go.

Marcel Duchamp's famous painting 'Nude Descending a Staircase' itself figures only as a reproduction inside his 'Case in a suitcase', but upstairs you can see a video by Shigeko Kubota of a real nude descending a staircase, time and time again, quickly, slowly, fragmentarily, jerkily, ethereally. Further on, you can even see yourself in Don Graham's 'Two Monitors and Two Mirrors at opposite sides of a Room', not nude or descending a staircase, but arriving eight seconds after you got there and taking up the position you now occupy. The young at heart will also enjoy Denis Oppenheim's 'Predictions', a model train layout with two engines perpetually crossing each other's track and occasionally colliding.

More disturbing than the gadgets are the Borgesian nightmares such as Hanne Darboven's heavy shelves of black files, containing all the dates for a hundred years in '401 volumes plus index' or Roman Opalka's endless numbers meticulously painted in rows, white or grey on grey, from canvas to canvas — here represented by three canvases containing the numbers 1378724 to 1441898. Time past rather than inexorably passing is symbolised by Christian Boltanski's 150 photographs of family life and, more dramatically, by Claudio Costa's cases of prehistoric objects (which may or may not be actually prehistoric, but look sufficiently wizened) and Luca Patella's 'Mysterium Coniunctonis', a room full of cosmological gear and arcane references.

Inevitably in such a fairground the old-fashioned canvases with pictures on them tend to sink into the walls a bit, but there are colour abstracts by Robert and Sonia Delaunay, Surrealist paintings by Dali, Delvaux and Magritte, small drawings and lithographs by Malevich in his 'the future starts here' phase at the time of the Russian Revolution and, to remind us that canvases with pictures on them are back in fashion again, a tongue-in-cheek classical orgy by our own Stephen Mackenna. The sculptures include Boccioni's Futurist classic 'Unique Forms of continuity in space', borrowed from New York, and Naum Gabo's 'Standing Wave' of 1919/20, probably the first and certainly among the most beautiful kinetic sculptures ever made.

Dieter Roth's 'Garden gnome as squirrel-food sculpture' (more resoundingly titled in German 'Gartenzwerg als Eichhörnchen-futterplastik') is less obviously concerned with time, but don't be fooled: that soft cylinder concealing all but the red tip of the gnome's hat is made of fungus and is working its slow biological changes. Elsewhere there are drawings, a photograph and a sample twig assembled by David Nash to stand for the circle of ash trees he has planted, which will one day, with judicious pruning, mulching and manipulation, turn into a leafy dome; and Richard Long and Hamish Fulton contribute photographs to conjure up their long walks in remote terrain, a marriage of time and space not so different from the visitor's own, as he/she shuffles round this exotic peninsula of art history.

The Tate's latest display of works from its permanent collection might be better entitled **Forty Years of Modern Art *History***. It is a valiant attempt on the part of the retiring Keeper of the Modern Collection, Ronald Alley, not only to cram into 21 small boxes and two proper galleries as many acquisitions from the period as possible, but also to make art-historical sense of the resulting hotch-potch. Of course, making art-historical sense has always been Alley's and the Tate's speciality in this field and this is more a librarian's than a looker's collection — about half of it belongs in the archive if not the dustbin of fly-by-night movements. It is characteristic that a kind of chapel is set aside for the contemplation of Rothko's 'Four Seasons' paintings (because he demanded it and gave them on that condition), whereas the contemplation of almost anything else is not only discouraged by the junk-shop conditions but would be absurd, since they are mostly 'instant' objects. Space is certainly a frightful problem: there is nothing like enough of it at the Tate's disposal and, besides, this particular architecture of anonymous cells is conducive to art-historical categorisation but not to art.

Nevertheless, given that the Tate is our only substantial museum of modern art, it's not a collection to be proud of and becomes positively trivial as it reaches the present day. You might say that this was the condition of modern art and that a quick joke a year was the best one could hope for. I vehemently disagree. However, if you relied on the Tate for your idea of modern art, you might be forgiven for thinking so.

FILMS

Mother superior

John Coleman

Agnes of God (15)
Odeon, Haymarket
Forbidden (PG)
Cannon, Baker Street
Shaker Run (15)
Cannon, Charing Cross Road
Car Trouble *(18)*
Cannons, Oxford Street, Panton Street; ABCs, Bayswater, Fulham Road, Edgware Road; general release

HARDLY A DIRECTOR for whom the cry *'Auteur! auteur!'* is ever likely to be heard, Norman Jewison has turned his hand to Doris Day vehicles, s-f fantasy, musicals and dramas. Recently he has been turning at least half a mind as well (shades of Stanley Kramer) to 'message' movies, opened out from Broadway think-piece thrillers. One of his undoubted strengths is location shooting, a feel for place, but even that failed to rescue last year's *A*

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Soldier's Story — black officer sent from Washington to investigate Louisiana murder of black sergeant — for serious interest: issues of identity and racism were fudged. Now we have **Agnes of God,** with Sven Nykvist's camera patrolling a wintry Montreal in another enlargement of a stage play, and the combat this time would seem to be between faith and reason.

Again there are detective excitements of a kind. Jane Fonda, court-appointed forensic psychiatrist, comes chain-smoking to a convent, there to unscramble the head of a seraphic young novice (Meg Tilly) alleged to have strangled her baby at birth but denying any memory of impregnation, parturition or killing. Inevitably shrink turns sleuth, unearthing such mystery items as a wastepaper basket where none should have been, a secret passage, concealed kinship. Anne Bancroft's magnificent Mother Superior matches Fonda, who has cause to mistrust nuns, every inch of a winding way, now angry ('I don't want that mind cut open'), now banteringly colloquial: 'Is she totally bananas or just slightly off centre?' Hypnotism reveals parts of the truth: it also results in the novice's sporting bloody stigmata.

By the end, which is largely for the birds — when some belfry-fluttering pigeons, a dove in particular, acquire symbolic and spiritual status for those so inclined — there may or may not have been a miracle. My own head and heart tell me a blurted-out 'Michael' was no archangel. In an irresolute occasion what holds the attention pretty steadily is, rather, the seesaw relationship of Bancroft and Fonda, each offering small intimacies of confession, when not warring, the pair of them giggling like naughty kids as they speculate on how Christ, the apostles and the saints might have dealt with tobacco (one would have chewed it, they agree; a pipe for another; Jesus a *sociable* smoker): and — from their attractively played exchanges — a certain wistfulness for sanctity and simplicity does seep out. But, then, they are formidable actors, saving graces with saving faces: worth the price of submission to the rest.

Directed for television by expatriate Anthony Page and written by Leonard Gross (expanding on a true story from his book *The Last Jews in Berlin),* **Forbidden** is worthy, well enough performed by Jacqueline Bisset, Irene Worth and Jürgen Prochnow in the key-roles, and quite peculiarly uninvolving: one is tempted to say, culpably so, given the subject-matter. Bisset is Nina, a German countess living modestly in the capital, studying to be a vet, as World War II and the film begin. Paying what amounts to curled-lip-service to the Nazi regime, this no-nonsense, high-born woman becomes more and more involved in the clandestine concealment and smuggling out of Jews, making contact with the pastor of the Swedish Church. Meanwhile, she falls desperately in love with a Jewish writer Fritz (Prochnow); they make love in a dust-sheeted country house belonging to her family; Fritz's proud mama (splendid Irene Worth) finally thaws to Nina while maintaining no one will dare to touch *her,* a military widow.

The Nuremberg Laws are more rigidly enforced, Fritz reluctantly agrees to hide out (for three years) in Nina's apartment, she gets pregnant by him but loses the baby when an Allied bomb knocks out the hospital generator. Somehow Nina and her Fritz, who refuses to escape on a last-chance train, survive the war. There is some tension in all this, as one might reasonably expect; in the details, for example, of Fritz's caged life, with the air-holed chest of a sofa as his refuge when the SS drop by. A little is made of his persistent sense of himself as a German, missing the outside world of his cherished city; and the strongest sequence, in fact, comes in the horrible irony of his short-lived walkabout, when a fellow-Jew — confessing himself slimily to be a 'Jew-catcher' — addresses him on a park bench; then grimly pursues him. Yet the overall impression is one of diffusion, dilution even. Maybe Page and his writer would have done better to concentrate on a more chamber-approach: the claustrophobic intensity, alternately passionate and nervous-dictatorial, of a love where one partner is damnably confined.

Pause between ciggies for sleuthing Fonda

Shaker Run is an NZ and noisy car-and-chopper-chase idiocy, with everyone after ravishing Lisa Harrow smuggling out a lethal virus (why?) and rumpled Cliff Robertson as her ace-driver: other autos keep crashing and going over lower-case cliffs. **Car Trouble**'s mirth-quake offer is a garage mechanic's penis wedged in Julie Walters's vagina, trappingly contracted when suburban husband Ian Charleson's borrowed new Jag hits a tree. A bucket of water should have been thrown over all concerned. □

DANCE

Hunted

Stephanie Jordan

London Contemporary Dance Theatre
Apollo, Oxford

IN THE DISTANCE, two figures close together, facing down and towards each other, tread anxiously. Dressed in blue-green, they appear diminished and all but submerged in the tumultuous environment, a riot of dark colours and angry shapes, hellish limbs, clouds, blasted tree-trunks. This is the couple, Darshan Singh Bhuller and Lauren Potter, who will express *The Run to Earth,* Siobhan Davies's title: its spatial, motional and dramatic connotations and its many-layered meaning.

The couple run to earth literally, repeatedly skidding and dashing themselves to the floor, to rest, to cower or to draw breath. Like hunted animals, they flee to the safety of the den. This is, too, the cosmographical metaphor of a human, earthly partnership, alone and fearful, voyaging amid alien beings dressed in silvery neutrality.

The environment by David Buckland and Russell Mills also becomes grounded. It is a backcloth of changing images, shifting imperceptibly, sometimes, under Peter Mumford's lighting, shot with fierce blues and reds and, finally, with its lower edge fallen to the floor. The music, from Brian Eno's *On Land,* synthesised and heard via dispersed speakers, evokes the slowly unfolding, panoramic grandeur of phenomena like sunrise or the night sky, at one point punctuated with unsettling bird cries.

The liveliness of Davies's choreography lies in her exploitation of tensions between couple and crowd, emotional and impassive behaviour, ground and sky. The couple clutch and cling to one another — reaching desperately upwards, in lifts shooting high above the crowd — as often as they return to the ground. There are intimations of a need for self-protection as Potter clasps her foot in her hand or of a desire to become airborne, arms like wings. Potter's sharp, stretched legs express tension, likewise her feet as, in a repeated lift, she joins the tips of her toes into an arrow point. Yet this is finely disciplined passion and risk, heightened by the effort of making shape pristine, a fall clean, a convolution articulate.

The silver beings introduce a quite different semaphoric vocabulary, cool and impassive, though they are at times an unruly, anarchic presence, spreading themselves greedily, forcing Potter and Bhuller into a corner. Their relationship with the couple is unpredictable, their behaviour lacking human reason. Theirs are strange excitements. Once, they seem poised to separate Potter from Bhuller but, instead, they lift her simply over his head and place her across his arms.

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Davies's conclusion is ambiguous. On the stage-apron, Potter lies sleeping against Bhuller. Are they home safely, or is this temporary consolation? The turbulence and curiosity contained in this work encourage an early second viewing. At first sight, I was disappointed only that the music, rather than being supportive, seemed to have a levelling effect on the proceedings. Certainly *The Run to Earth* demonstrates that Davies continues to enliven the LCDT repertoire, not least by her choice of designers. She also renews our interest in individual company members, here offering an entirely fresh angle on the particular qualities of Potter and Bhuller. □

THEATRE

Shaw line

Benedict Nightingale

The Apple Cart
SHAW *Haymarket*
Joyriders
CHRISTINA REID *Tricycle*
Bailegangaire
TOM MURPHY *Warehouse*

THE APPLE CART, we're assured, is a timely, topical piece; and there are, let's admit, moments when parts of any spectator's anatomy should certainly flutter in recognition. For some people, those one might call the more habitual Haymarketeers, that clearly happened when someone rounded on organised labour, opining that 'no one on earth is as safe in his job as a trades union official'. For others it might have been when the conversation turned to the 'mad, imperialist' American President and his blithe desire to 'formalise an already accomplished fact' by annexing Britain, or to the all-powered multi-national Breakages Limited, to whom politicans are puppets.

Nor does it necessarily matter that Shaw's futurology intermittently errs. What else could one expect of even the sagest dramatist peering across the aeons from 1929? If the fruit of British investment in foreign countries hasn't exactly been a 'wonderful' if fragile prosperity here, Shaw is still surprisingly prescient and justifiably ominous about the outflow of capital and the erosion of our major home industries. And if rather more go to the polls these days than the seven per cent which apparently voted in the government of *The Apple Cart*, he's still right to foresee a certain apathy in an electorate which lately perceives that its destiny is ultimately controlled by less visible and accountable forces than those operating in the Mother of Parliaments.

Yet there's something about this last forecast which explains why Desmond MacCarthy resisted the play when he reviewed it in these columns 57 years ago, and why it should make us feel uneasy even today. Shaw loses no opportunity either to insist that English democracy is a pious fraud or to mock the exemplary Cabinet we see attempting to curb the articulate and supremely able King Magnus. *It*'s like 'an overcrowded third-class railway carriage', occupied mainly by the incompetent, the corrupt and the corrupt *and* incompetent; *he*'s a born leader unluckily dwindled into a constitutional monarch, a man who stands 'for conscience and virtue, for the eternal against the expedient, for the evolutionary appetite against the day's gluttony, for intellectual integrity, for humanity'; and, if it had less power and he more, the smack of firm government might at last break Breakages. As MacCarthy saw, the model being tacitly recommended is Italian Fascism, to whose defence Shaw had recently sprung.

That Shaw flirted heavily with Mussolini on the very eve of the Decade of the Dictators, and came much nearer to consummation with Stalin during it, is something we prefer to forget nowadays; but it's part of the evidence when evaluating *The Apple Cart*. Val May's production at the Haymarket is ambitiously cast. The wrangling Cabinet is headed by Michael Denison, doing a flustered imitation of Ramsay Mac, and includes Paul Rogers, David Waller, Marius Goring, Dora Bryan, Moira Lister, Brewster Mason. But neither that, nor Peter O'Toole's curiously aloof and dreamy performance as Magnus, can disguise the trick being slyly perpetrated upon us. They can't conceal that the moral and political content is an uneven and unfair one, between a set of crudely conceived caricatures and as attractive a character as Shaw ever created; between, you might say, a travesty of democracy and alarmingly sympathetic autocracy.

Elsewhere, the theme has been Shaw's native country, that place he was so happy to leave and loath to revisit. **Joyriders** is set in a training centre, mainly peopled by young offenders, near Belfast's gruesome Divis Flats, and is very consciously indebted to another Irish dramatist, that bard of the slums Sean O'Casey.

Indeed, it begins with the cast variously boggling, giggling and weeping at a local performance of *Shadow of a Gunman* and ends in somewhat similar manner to that play, with the softest and sweetest of the women precipitately running out of the building and getting herself shot by the occupying army. In between, the style is true to the piece's provenance: usually good-humoured, sometimes positively jaunty, rarely glum, never whining, always to-the-point. Thanks to Christina Reid's robust observation and the skill of Pip Broughton's company, we're left in doubt of neither these people's helplessness nor their resilience.

Bailegangaire takes us into another, more private past of the Irish psyche, the one uneasily cohabited by strong parents and put-upon progeny, the one chronicled by Padraic Colum, Brian Friel and Sam Beckett among others. This time, Siobhan McKenna is the bedridden crone, obsessively drooling out the same endless anecdote from beneath stringy red hair; Marie Mullen and Mary McEvoy are her hapless granddaughters, seemingly unable to deal with her senility, each other or their own lives; and what we're watching is the night when reminiscence at last reaches a denouement that's painful and ugly in itself but brings catharsis and reconciliation. Not the most theatrically pulsating of pieces, this, but one written with unerring grace and wit, and beautifully acted too. □

A Gentleman And His Music
BENNY CARTER *Concord Jazz* CJ-285
Zealots of the kind who equated sweat with sincerity used to scoff at Benny Carter's urbanity, his devastating elegance. But that was shaped long before their opinions became fashionable and goes on flourishing today. Carter made this LP last summer, at about the time he was celebrating his 78th birthday. His alto saxophone sound remains as sumptuous as ever; he still persists in 'telling a story', letting the improvisation unfold with a naturalness that conceals the forethought. The double-time solo he takes in 'Lover Man' is the LP's highspot, but felicities abound elsewhere; which makes it even more of a pity that, with typical civility, Carter allowed so much playing-time to his companions, none of whom — apart from the rarely-heard trumpeter, Joe Wilder, and the guitarist, Ed Bickert — has much to communicate.

Trevor Watts's Moire Music
ARC 02
Few sounds — and sights — on the British jazz scene in recent years have been more stirring than those provided by Moire Music. Taking its name from a kind of fabric — like watered silk — which creates an illusion, the band exploits the overlaying of patterns, the oscillation of motifs just slightly out of phase. Instead of the aridity of most 'systems' music, the result here is positively heart-warming. The band sounds much larger than ten pieces strong (four saxophones and two violins, plus rhythm) and seems constantly to be at full stretch. It is the brain-child of Trevor Watts, a pioneer of British free jazz and a saxophonist with a vivid, zestful style. Yet the emphasis is upon a collective identity — although the maverick Lol Coxhill cuts loose on soprano at one point. The overlapping is cultural as well as formal, African rhythms jostling with jazz riffs in a fusion that resists exact analysis, but always contrives to stay joyful. (If your record shop cannot supply, try writing to ARC Records, 20 Collier Road, Hastings, East Sussex TN34 3JR.)

Charles Fox

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In at the birth

Women working together to prepare for birth.

Sally and Richard Greenhill

Jane Dibblin

IF THE COUPLES at the active birth class were bemused, they hid it well, as Anna took with her first one, then the other, then all three of the women who were to be helping with the birth of her baby.

One Wednesday the four of us got together for our last planned discussion of how best to sustain Anna through what we expected to be a long labour — 24 hours or more — given the tales of the other over-35 first-time mothers. 'Glucose tablets for energy, photo of favourite mountain for inspiration, leg warmers for when you get the shakes . . .'

I left at midnight with a birth book I wanted to read in the next two weeks before the baby was due. But 20 minutes later Anna began her first contractions. While I was at home sleeping, she paced the room, went down on her hands and knees, breathed deeply (concentrate on the *out*breath, ladies, Hilary, our teacher, had said). She woke Kate; Kate phoned the midwife. 'Her first baby? At 36? She'll be hours yet. Phone me in the morning.' The contractions were coming faster.

When I arrived at 5.45 a.m. the midwife was examining Anna. 'Can't find your cervix', she said, whispering like the rest of us, for no other reason than it was the dark hours of the early morning. 'Now I see why not. You're 8 cm dilated.'

I knew what that meant; Hilary had told us. Only another two centimetres till the baby's head could come through. 'Close your eyes everyone. Think of having the biggest shit ever, a baby-size shit,' Hilary had said.

The midwife was phoning the ambulance; it was too late to risk going by car. The man in the ambulance made Anna lie down, though she protested she was more comfortable crouching. 'No, you can't sit beside her. On the other side or get out,' he barked. Pleading didn't help and it was no time to start arguing against what were undoubtedly 'strict regulations'.

Anna's GP was waiting for us in the delivery unit. She was a calming presence in the following hours, sitting with hands clasped round bony, wool-stockinged knees. At first the midwife couldn't find the baby's heartbeat. Anna surfaced from a wave of pain to tell her the baby was on the other side of her tummy. ('Not exactly pain, more like a feeling so intense you just have to go with it', she said later.)

She was sitting, one arm round my neck, the other round Kate's, bottom on our bended knees. She had been pushing for over an hour, the veins on her neck like taut ropes. 'You're doing wonderfully', we took it in turns to say staring into the mirror that Jess put on the floor under Anna, willing the baby's head to appear like gamblers wishing on their horse. 'Come on baby, down you come, that's it, you can do it.'

The 'first phase', as the birth books called it, had been so quick and easy compared with the tales we'd heard from other mothers. It took us all, the medics included, a while to register that the 'second phase' (after the cervix has dilated enough for the baby to come through) was not going so well. They suggested forceps; Anna wanted to push a little longer on her own but by this time she was tired, her legs needing to rest.

But then the routine heart monitor check showed the baby to be in distress, needing to be out quickly. The room filled with women helping each other into gowns, calling out the size of plastic gloves they needed. They bent over the delivery bed on which she was now sitting and removed the bottom of it, leaving Anna exposed on a sliver of a bed, her feet in stirrups. Yet for all the official hullabaloo — paediatrician at the ready, Anna's legs covered in sheets of that distinctive bottle green which accompanies operations — they let the three of us stay to hold her hand, tell her what was happening (where she couldn't see) while she had a local anaesthetic.

When they began cutting backwards from her vagina to make room for the forceps, I cried. I knew it was being done to save the baby's life but it felt like a violence to a body I know and to a woman I love. Later Anna's GP was to tell me that she too had felt like crying, hardened though she must be to metal on flesh.

Anna pushed, the doctor pulled, the head appeared, cord twisted tight. 'Cut the cord.' The body, the legs, the baby slipped onto Anna's tummy.

I was trembling, light-headed, in shock. Prepared for a grey and bloody baby, unprepared for a head swollen and distended by being trapped and then pulled by forceps. Anna, meanwhile, was exhausted but high. Relieved to have the baby out alive. 'It's a boy . . . does this mean I have to decide whether he should be circumcised?'

Maybe if I'd been able to stay around and mull it over instead of rushing off to work I'd have avoided a sleepless night, waking up to visions of infected stitches, worrying about the shape of the baby's head and whether it meant brain damage, ringing Kate as early as I dared, voice tight with anxiety, to ask if they were OK.

They were — and continue to be. When I saw them later that day the baby's head was less swollen, the forceps marks not so red. We left the ward as we had entered it — causing a ripple of interest. Our little entourage of women trailed behind the nurse who carried the swaddled baby (as hospital rules stipulate), the rest of us bringing up the rear with assorted bags. A procession which proceeded haltingly as we helped Anna to take small, painful steps. That night I slept deliciously, nurtured by being part of the slowly developing intimacy between baby, mother and friends.

'It's awfully *modern*,' said a colleague dubiously. 'But I'm really quite jealous', she added a few days later. 'Having all you women around to look after her. I wish I'd had that.' □

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Naseem Khan
Art-felt

THE LAUNCH FOR the GLC's Black Experience — a farewell bonanza of black arts for London — was one of the most highly charged events I've attended for some time. This is surprising, for launches are usually tedious things, full of people intent on knocking back as much booze as possible as quickly as possible. There might have been people doing that in the huge central concourse of the Commonwealth Institute, where the event was held, but the overwhelming spirit of the occasion was not alcoholic. It was energetic, cheerful, confident and astonishingly strong.

Now, if you've followed the rise of ethnic arts over the years, what will strike you will be the change in both tone and attitude. Ten years ago, at the first national conferences on ethnic arts when artists from different communities came together for the first time, demands and recommendations were relatively modest. Arts funding bodies ought to take steps to find out what was happening on their doorsteps; teacher training colleges ought to 'know more about ethnic minority arts'. Modest as it all was, it was still a step forward from previous diffidence when groups existed in isolated pockets of distrust.

There was no hint of a sense of parochialism at the Commonwealth Institute. It was a packed, noisy evening — predominantly young and predominantly Afro-Caribbean — with African dance from Uthingo, speeches from GLC luminaries and a keynote address of particular interest from Stuart Hall. An impressive short speech, marked by both absence of polemic and presence of deep conviction, it offered an analysis of the function and future of black arts: a counter to the alienated side of the black experience seen on, for instance, television; a way to define experience and identity; the by-product of cultural power.

The relationship of the field with the GLC had been, he acknowledged, 'abrasive and difficult'. But its final outcome had been the establishment of an institutional and organisational base that could serve the extraordinary range of new young work, from dance to rap. It marked, he said, an end to 'sidelining', to existing on the edges of other people's concerns.

But the culture that developed, he cautioned, should go beyond merely registering a presence or a right-on political message. It should explore the complexity of the black experience: it should criticise, disturb. It should move from an age of innocence to an era of experience.

I refer to this at comparative length because it is the best context I can think of in which to consider a development that took place at more or less the same time — the Arts Council's long-awaited policy on ethnic arts. It does not come before time. Energetic as they are, ethnic arts or black arts are not as secure as the heady Commonwealth Institute event might suggest. Brought on rapidly by massive injections of funds from the GLC (£5 million from different departments in the current financial year), they stand to lose a great deal after the end of the GLC on 1 April.

The Arts Council has come up with the following proposals: first money — four per cent of total expenditure at least to be spent on Afro-Caribbean and Asian Arts within two years and two per cent at least within the first year. All Arts Council 'clients' (receivers of revenue funding) will be asked to detail and examine their own policies and practice on ethnic arts. (How many black people on their boards? Do they operate integrated casting? Do they target marketing to black communities?) Progress — or its lack — will be monitored by a group comprised of new black co-optees to Arts Council panels. The work itself will be carried out by the present officer plus a new senior appointment. Finally, all this will take place in the context of an overall equal opportunities policy with new training and awareness courses for staff.

On the face of it, this seems a perfectly sensible package. It is undoubtedly an advance on the Arts Council's current less than one per cent funding of ethnic arts, its lack of any black presence on its governing body or significant presence on either its panels or officer-level work force. Despite reports (including *The Arts Britain Ignores*, on whose consultative committee Stuart Hall sat) and declarations of prioritisation, the Arts Council has never developed a policy on ethnic arts. Nor, in fact, has it done so now. The action plan is merely a statement of intent.

Its limitations emerge most clearly when it is compared with the Arts Council's other two new areas of initiative: arts and disabled people and — report to come next week — theatre for young people. Both have a confident, cogent, wellgrounded feel and connect with developments in the relevant fields. The ethnic arts plan, on the other hand, is fraught with both details and whole areas lacking clarity. Why four per cent? Will any distinction be made between kinds of work (drama, for instance, could swallow up two per cent immediately and still be hungry)? Will any priorities exist in funding? Will traditional/heritage arts be considered more important than new ventures? How will the all-important monitoring group function and will the range of work not overwhelm a voluntary co-opted group?

The air of uncertainty about the plan is actually a lesson in itself. It reflects better than anything else the lack of gut knowledge of black arts in the Arts Council. It is a symptom of the very malaise it exists to cure. Similarly, the contrast between the certainty of the Black Experience launch and the tentative nature of the Arts Council's plan is instructive. It demonstrates the connections that need to be made. But the Arts Council plan is still the first and welcome step on a journey that should have begun long ago. □

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams
Grease

I WAS GLAD to see Ben Elton, recently transferred from *South of Watford* (ITV) to **Saturday Live** (C4), finally making mock of the ludicrous Conservative knighthood of Alastair Burnett, newsreader. 'For services rendered to whom, for doing what, I wonder,' mused Elton; then: 'Imagine it, knighted for being able to read. Mind you, with the education cuts it's not such a bad idea these days.'

The knighthood isn't quite as hilarious as the one for that image-therapist spivvo, but the two do have something in common — perhaps best expressed by the last line of Robert Lowell's *For the Union Dead*: 'a savage servility/slides by on grease'.

The old late-Seventies Comic Strip cabaret, housed in Raymond's Revuebar in Soho, spawned a number of 'alternative' careers, all suitably filleted for the non-alternative media, but the format itself, a small, rowdy club modelled in its turn on the old Windmill Theatre tradition, has been slow to reach its natural home on telly. *Saturday Live* isn't live — they make no attempt to hide the cuts — but at least the unreal services of the warm-up man seem to have been dispensed with so that the laughter doesn't actually take the place of your own amusement, as on every single other comedy show except *Hi-de-Hi*.

I never could understand why Alexei Sayle — star of the Revuebar days and the only really rude one among them — never got his own show. Perhaps I have answered my own question. Ben Elton is his latest imitator, Lenny Henry having been another. Elton thinks like a cornered rat and if he could cure his tick of constantly bending over to adjust his mikestand he might rise to his true stature.

Saturday Review (BBC2) is another talent show that has benefited from the cabaret approach to Art. Russell Davies has done time himself as a mimic and MC and almost certainly sings slightly, from the look of him. His show has recently taken over authority from **The South Bank Show** (ITV), whose nowhere place-name seems to have finally asserted itself. 'Michala Petri is a young Danish musician who is winning international acclaim as a virtuoso etc . . .' would seem to be standard fare over there these days, although Bragg's recent tribute to the Blue Note jazz label was something and no one can take away his achievement of having had the vision to devote a whole programme to Little Richard. Now there *was* an 'international' artist, should you happen to think that deadening word could ever be both flattering *and* true.

Davies had seemed to score a major coup this week by announcing an Elvis Costello interview. Reading that Costello would 'talk about his attitude to the traditions of popular music and play a new song' one might well have stayed home on Saturday night to catch a word on the subject from the Master. As it turned out, Costello, who is currently making

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a meal of reclaiming his original handle of Declan MacManus, as if it mattered a damn, said almost nothing, except that he was emphatically *not* the character 'King of America', the title of his new album. It was an assertion whose vehemence made one look over one's shoulder to see if there were some idiot music-press hack shaping up for a political nagging match on the subject. As for playing a new song, what he actually did was wear a funny hat and sing to a backing track, but never mind: it was great to see him and it's time someone in TV took a longer look at the greatest songwriter since Chuck Berry.

Bragg got to meet Little Richard; Joyce got to meet Proust; it's harder to credit, somehow, that Monet and Gauguin saw Ingres out walking. After the revolutionary David, first in the ambitious threesome **Artists and Models** (BBC2) set in the century of the French Revolution, last week his star pupil the austere classicist Ingres was allowed to humiliate himself publicly by being made to re-enact a sadistic scene at one of his weekly art classes. We saw Ingres making repeated inspections of a model's hand to see if it had five or, as in the drawing of the unfortunate student, six fingers. 'What is the profession of M. your father?' asks Ingres. (He is a judge) 'Do you not think it a noble profession, that of M. your father?' Comparing the work of Ingres himself to that of any of those in the Tate's current 'Forty Years of Modern Art 1945-85' (see also p29), discussed on *Saturday Review* by William Feaver, one might feel justified in dishing out the same insinuation.□

Weekend competition

No 2913 Set by Margaret Rogers
Since there are those who are still not clear about the true significance of the Westland affair, compers are asked to encapsulate it in limerick form. By 12 March.

No 2910 Set by E.O. Parrott
Ambiguous comments on friends' meals, books, holiday snaps etc.

Report By Di Dact
A small but significant number of you will be staying in after school to copy out one hundred times the dictionary definition of 'ambiguous'. Your homework was *not* the invention of scarcely draped let alone wholly nude insults. And of the perfectly usable, genuinely ambiguous comments proffered many recurred with a regularity which can only be called monotonous. So, pass marks but no prizes for all variants of 'I've never seen/heard/tasted anything like it', 'The food was matched only by . . .', 'Unforgettable', 'Interesting', 'Unexpected', 'You really shouldn't have' and babies being uncannily like their fathers. Well done, Jim Anthony, for a slightly unusual but not irrelevant entry; a merit mark and £2 for the following, which showed a modicum of ingenuity. But socks need to be adjusted in an upwards direction all round.

Did you knit it yourself?
I'm sure it'll *sell*.
Amazing how you win nearly every week.
GERARD BENSON

Patrick Lichfield couldn't have taken it.
BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

To a friend who has essayed King Lear: You were truly pathetic. NOEL PETTY

Do I spy another of your famous jumble sale bargains? LYNDON T. MOLE

Your top C sent shivers down my spine.
CATHERINE BENSON

Of a friend's children: I can see that your theories about discipline are beginning to show results.
WATSON WEEKS

This man is capable of anything: the results of his work have to be seen to be believed.
W.S. BROWNLIE

Your poetry really does something to me.
ROBIN CHASE

On a new novel: It's so you. VICTORIA PLUMB

On receiving a brown rice salad: Too much, man.
In bed: Come again? WILL BELLENGER

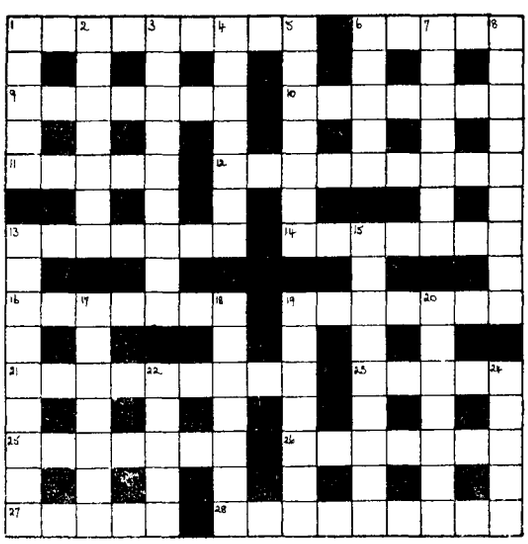
I ate that with a great deal of relish.
J.J. JOHNSTON

A meal to end all meals. GEORGE MOOR

Of a holiday snap: You can almost *smell* the Casbah.
MOLLY FITTON

Weekend Crossword 1510

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1510, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU by first post 18 March.



Name_____

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ACROSS

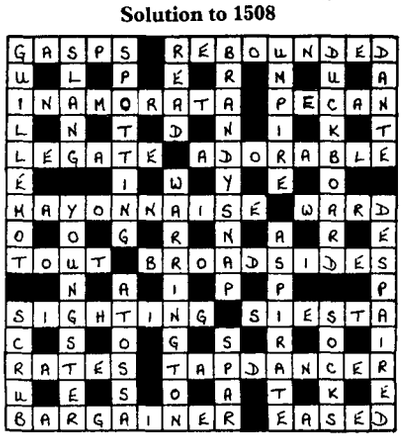
1. Made an effort without universal speed and won (9)
6. Something black for the ground (5)
9. Pass moderately quietly when lions are wandering about (7)
10. Broadcasting the little number I perform (7)
11. I go in all directions to discover animals (5)
12. Food obtainable after the end of Hitler's war (9)
13. The rising rose (7)
14. Interpret silently with cheek blushing about an article (7)
16. Instrument used as piano among serving men (7)
19. Sketch of ring held in box (7)
21. Leap when the trance is disturbed (9)
23. Turn out to be a champion (5)
25. Learned men about to assault shopkeepers (7)
26. Shelter with evidence of marriage while giving a lecherous look (7)
27. Gets to know sporting occasions (5)
28. The holidays are back and the green is untidy so he collects the rubbish (9)

DOWN

1. Start keeping inside the agency to discover jobs (5)
2. Is one to carry the post for a Muslim? (7)
3. Adaptable, making me competent about everything (9)
4. City established after the fall of a dynasty? (7)
5. Strange lad gone for a place (7)
6. Moment when there is nothing in a drink (5)
7. Put on the finger it comes in useful to prevent him bleeding (7)
8. Dizzy place (9)
13. Prepare to give mother under a hundred for a watertight structure (9)
15. Try hard as always in school (9)
17. Listener holds vehicle up in unscrupulous competition (7)
18. Science writing about a man's divisions (7)
19. Animal over the mountain on a tree (7)
20. Opportunity to walk up carrying some money (7)
22. Fewer seaports have such vessels (5)
24. It has stripes and starts growing in a row (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1508



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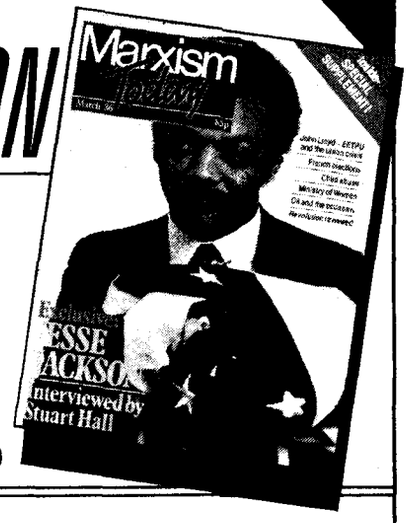

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If you are, and you would be willing to answer a few general questions about your work as a researcher, please write to **Box 9999, New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB** with an address and daytime telephone number if possible.

Naturally, any replies will be dealt with in the strictest confidence.

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AGENDA

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FRI 28 FEB

SOUTH AFRICA: THE WAY FORWARD. speakers: Zola Zenbe of SACTU, Michael Hindley MEP, Janet Anderson. 7.30 p.m. Haslingden Library, Rossendale.

SAT 1 MAR

U.S. OUT OF THE PHILIPPINES. Picket the U.S. Embassy, Grosvenor Square, SW1. 2pm. Further information: Philippines Support Committee, 1/2 Grangeway, London NW6. 01-624 7819.

EDUCATING FOR PEACE - a conference on Peace Education held in the UN International Year of Peace at St Francis Hall, University of Birmingham. For parents, teachers, students and those involved in educational administration. 9.30am-4.30pm. Cost £3/£2. Information/ Registration forms from: Educating for Peace, 54 Allison Street, Digbeth, Birmingham B5 5TH. Tel: 021-643 4617.

TAKING THE NURSERY MESSAGE TO PARLIAMENT: HOW TO LOBBY TO YOUR MP. A workshop on lobbying tactics organised by the **Workplace Nurseries Campaign** at the Friends Meeting House, St. Martin's Lane, London WC2, 10am-1pm. Speakers include Sue Ward and an MP. Creche. Full access. Tel: 01-582 7199 if you want to attend and especially for space in creche or if you require a signer.

MON 3 MAR

BENEATH THE WHITE COAT: seminars on science and politics organised by the **British Society for Social Responsibility in Science.** This week *Helen Donoghue*, University College and AUT: FUNDING PRESSURES AND THE IMPLICATIONS FOR RESEARCH. 6.30pm Adam's Arms, Conway Street, London W1 (tube: Warren Street).

INTERNATIONAL JOSE MARTI BRIGADE TO CUBA. Meeting and slideshow about the brigade which visits Cuba for a month every year. The work brigade includes a contingent from Britain. Open meeting. Anyone interested in participating in the brigade is very welcome to come along. 7.30pm at 5 Westminster Bridge Road, London SE1. Organised by the Britain-Cuba Resource Centre.

UNION RIGHTS LECTURE by Antony Lester QC, 6pm, Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2. The lecture will also cover the civil rights of civil servants. It is organised by the First Division Association to mark the second anniversary of GCHQ union ban. Entrance free.

TUES 4 MAR

WHAT SORT OF ECONOMY DOES LONDON NEED? Public discussion 7.30pm, The Dining Room, John Adams Hall, 15-23 Endsleigh Street, WC1. (Euston tube). Speakers: Anna Coote, Diane Abbott, Robin Murray, Sam Aaronovitch. Org. *Marxism Today* and L.D.C.P.

THURS 6 MAR

THE CENTRE FOR LOCAL ECONOMIC STRATEGIES is organising a workshop on proposals for specific powers for local authorities to intervene in the local economy. Enquiries to CLES, Heron House, Brazenose Street, Manchester M2 5HD. 061-834 7036.

TUES 11 MAR

INAUGURAL MEETING of Windsor/Slough/ Maidenhead ANTI-APARTHEID GROUP. Windsor Community Arts Centre, St Leonards Road, Windsor. 8pm. Ring Jan Fredrickson, Windsor (0753) 865324 for details.

SAT 15 MAR

CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST MOVEMENT. Tawney Memorial Lecture (free) 10.45am, Lambeth Mission, 1-5 Lambeth Rd, London SE1: Cedric Mayson, "LIBERATION AND THE WINESKIN BUSINESS - A WHITE AFRICAN LOOKS AT CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM IN THE WEST". Enquiries 42 Parliament Hill, London NW3 2TN.

FRI 21-SAT 22 MAR

WESTERN SAHARA: TEN YEARS OF WAR AND REFUGEES. A CONFERENCE on the conflict in Northwest Africa dealing with Decolonisation, International Law, Women and Refugees, the Polisario Front, International and regional implications of the continuing war with Morocco.
Registration £12.50, £2.50 unwaged. Details: Refugee Studies Programme, Queen Elizabeth House, 21 St. Giles, Oxford. (0865 52952).

FORTHCOMING

PEACE EDUCATION CONFERENCE on 26 April in London. Performances, stalls, speakers, discussions. Organisers: United World Trust, c/o Tony Weaver, 1 St Barnabas Villas, London SW8 2EH for details and tickets - £7 (£3 Stud/unw).

AGENDA ADVERTISERS PLEASE NOTE THAT THE DEADLINE FOR BOOKINGS IS 4pm on MONDAYS
(for the rest of Classifieds the deadline is 11am on Tuesdays)

HISTORY WORKSHOP CENTRE FOR SOCIAL HISTORY

ENGLAND BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR

Saturday 22 March 1986 St Cross College, St Giles, Oxford

Gerald Aylmer	*An Absolute Monarchy in the Making? England Under Charles I*
Charles Webster	*Francis Bacon and the Revolution in Science*
David Norbrook	*The Politics of Tragedy*
Christopher Hill	*Religion, Politics and Archbishop Laud*

Tickets from History Workshop Centre, Ruskin College, Oxford

Waged £10 Unwaged £6 Centre members reduction of £1. Price of ticket includes lunch, tea and coffee.

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Conference on Sat. 15th March

Trades Unions speakers from: Philippines, Turkey, Bangladesh, Sri Lanka & Britain.

Also participation from: the Labour Party, Local Authority Workers, Women Working Worldwide, Union of Turkish Workers, West Midlands Clothing Research Centre, and Derry World Development Group.

At L.S.E., Houghton St, London WC2 (nearest undergrounds Holborn and Temple).
10.30am Registration. Admission £5 (includes lunch). Creche & Dependants allowances available. Wheelchair access.

THIS

Sponsored by: Tower Hamlets International Solidarity, Tower Hamlets Trades Council, GLC.

For further info. & prior registration, please write to: THIS, Oxford House, Derbyshire St, London E2 6HG.

PACIFIC WOMEN'S TOUR

Two women from the nuclear-free Pacific regions of Belau and Rongelap will be speaking in London on:

Monday March 3rd

1pm: Public Meeting, "The Nuclear Pacific"
Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton

7.30pm: Meeting with London Peace Groups
Camden Centre, Bidborough Street, NW1

International Women's Day

Saturday March 8th

1pm: "Women Speak to Women" workshops, videos, creche.
Friend's House, Euston Road NW1

6-11pm: Oasis Sports Centre, 32 Endell St. WC2
Women only Admission free
Swimming and squash all evening.
Videos, stalls, refreshments, creche.
6.30-7.30: Aerobics
8pm: The Nuclear Pacific.
9.30pm: Women Only disco

Phone 01-633 1217 for details

GLC Working for London

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HMM... WE COULD ALWAYS TRY THAT WELL KNOWN FAVOURITE. THE DOLL HAD A PENIS BUT MUMMY CUT IT OFF
ANNE GOODMAN

CHESS

IN SPITE OF the development of the weekend tournament circuit the club-player's staple diet is still the team match. The premier inter-club competition, the Legal & General Open Club Championship, even holds out the prospect of a place in the European Club Cup, where you might be paired against some of the leading Russian teams (Burevestnik, Spartak, Trud, etc.) or Partizan Belgrade or the highly-paid squads of mercenaries in the Bundesliga. Of course, there are only a few teams in the country who stand a chance of getting into Europe by winning the Legal & General. The favourites are the Oxford and Cambridge University sides, always very strong, and the King's Head club, based on a pub just round the corner from Bayswater Underground station.

But the lesser clubs do have their moments, as this sort of competition gives ample scope for giant-killing. Titled and highly-rated players have good reason to dread such encounters. They won't get any brownie points for winning and there is always the danger that something like this may happen to them:

Smart-Hodgson, Lewisham v Streatham 1986. English Opening.
1. c4 e5 2. Nc3 Bb4 3. Nd5 Ba5 4. b4 c6 5. bxa5 cxd5 6. e3 Nf6 Perhaps Black should brave 6 . . . Qxa5 7. Qg4 Kf8. **7. Qa4 dxc4 8. Bxc4 Nc6 9. Nf3 e4?** Casual and over-ambitious. **10. Ng5 d5 11. Bb5 Bd7 12. 0-0** 12. a6 at once was more accurate, as Black could now have played 12 . . . Qxa5. **h6? 13. a6! hxg5 14. axb7 Rb8 15. Bxc6 Qc7 16. Bxd7 + Nxd7 17. f4 exf3 18. g3 Rxb7 19. Ba3** An old story: Black can never castle. **Qc4? 20. Rac1 1-0.**

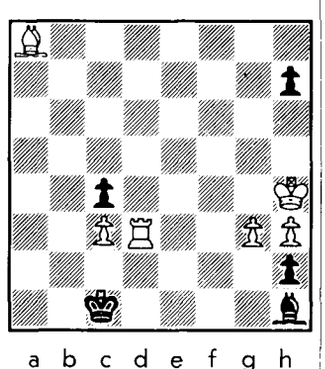
Amazingly, the loser was the same player who demolished Seirawan at Wijk aan Zee in one of the games I gave last week, whereas the winner has a humble BCF grading of 178. The whole Lewisham team excelled themselves in knocking out Streatham, last year's Legal & General winners (who, incidentally, then put up a brave showing in Europe by losing only 5-7 to the GMs of Partizan Belgrade).

There must be a lot of interesting games played in these inter-club matches that are seen only by those present on the night. If you have been involved in any recently, please send me the score. I shall now contribute one of my own. Don't be alarmed, it's nothing vainglorious. Just a pretty little game that would be better known it if were not for my opponent's modesty. It was played in last year's Legal & General at the same stage of the competition that we have now reached this year.

Motwani-Botterill, Dundee v Aberystwyth 1985. French Defence.
1. e4 e6 2. d4 d5 3. Nc3 Bb4 4. e5 Ne7 5. Nf3 c5. 6. a3 Bxc3 + 7. bxc3 Bd7 8. dxc5 Nbc6 Current theory recommends 8 . . . Ba4 9. Rb1 Nd7 10. Rxb7 Nxc5 11. Rb4 Qa5 — probably quite promising for Black. But why not play to win the e5 pawn? We shall see why not! **9. Bd3 Ng6 10. Rb1 Qc7 11. 0-0 Ngxe5 12. Nxe5 Nxe5 13. Bf4 0-0-0 14. Qe2 f6 15. Ba6** What's this for? I was going to play . . . Bc6 anyway. **Bc6 16. Rxb7!! Bxb7 17. Rb1** You can see White has a point: 17 . . . Bxa6 18. Qxa6 + Kd7 19. Rb7 wins. But why can't Black defend with 17 . . . Rd7 18. Rxb7 Qxb7 19. Bxb7 + Rxb7 with two rooks for the queen and the useful threat of . . . Rb1 + ? White's deeper point is that instead of 19. Bxb7 + he plays 19. c6! Nxc6 20. Bxb7 + Rxb7 21. Qxe6 + Kd8 22. Qd6 + and wins. **Kb8 18. Bxb7 Qxb7 19. Bxe5 + fxe5 20. Qxe5 + Ka8 21. Rxb7 Kxb7 22. Qxg7 + Ka8 23. h4 h5 24. c6 Rb8 25. Qd7 Rhe8 26. c7 1-0.**

Problem

White to play and win.



Solution

1. Rf3! Bg2 2. Rf2 h1 = Q 3. Bxg2 Qh2. 4. Kg4 h5 + Otherwise 5. Kf3 and 6. Rf1, whereas now 5. Kf3? h4! allows the queen to escape. **5. Kh4 Kb1 6. Be4 + Ka1 7. Rg2! Qh1 8. Ra2 + and wins.** A 1975 study by A. Korani.

George Botterill

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QUIZ

1) Which university presented Margaret Thatcher with an honorary degree last week?
2) Which country banned the film *Rambo* last week?
3) Which town's council was revealed last week to have spent £5,000 acquiring a car with the numberplate THE 2?
4) In which town did two brothers call off a 46-day hunger strike last week following a reprieve for the local theatre?
5) Which singer revealed last week that he is seeking the Democratic nomination for a Senate seat in New York?
6) Who is to be the next editor of the *Daily Telegraph*?
7) What, according to Judge Michael Argyle last week, was 'enough to make an orthodox Jew want to join the Nazi Party'?
8) Who described whom last week as 'the chief Tonton Macoute to Mrs Thatcher's Mama Doc'?
9) At what age was Krishnamurti, who died last week, proclaimed as the new Messiah by the Theosophists?
10) How old was Robert Mugabe after his birthday last week?

Answers

1) Buckingham; 2) India; 3) Barnsley; 4) Worthing; 5) Harry Belafonte; 6) Max Hastings; 7) BBC's failure to televise Test Matches in the West Indies; 8) David Steel on Norman Tebbit; 9) 15; 10) 62

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